

POEMS,

BY

F. SAYERS, M. D. K

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P. O. F. M. S.

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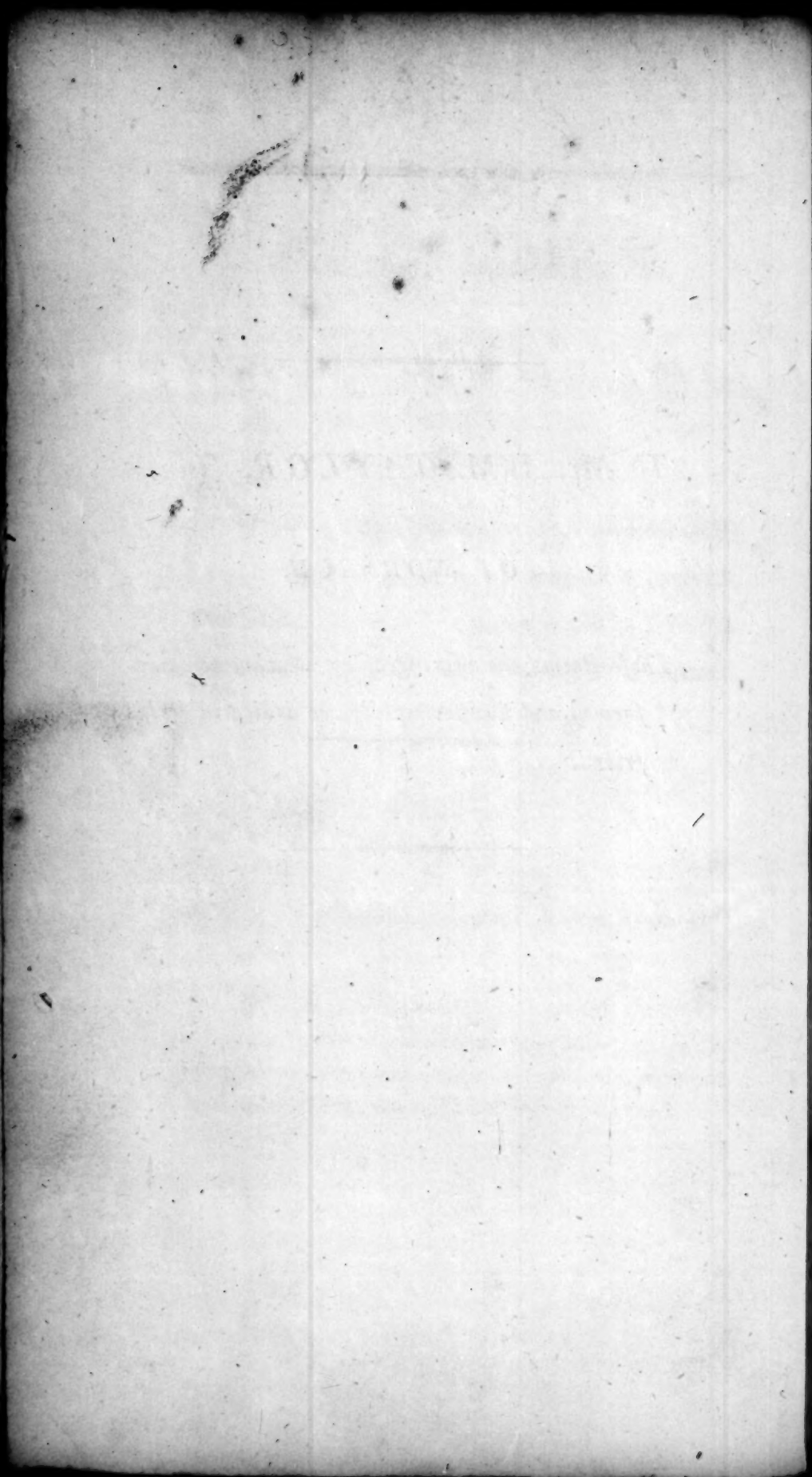
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To Mr. WM. TAYLOR, Jun.

OF NORWICH,

*These Poems, the offering of an attachment early-
formed and uninterrupted, are dedicated by his
friend.*



This Book Contains

DRAMATIC SKETCHES OF NORTHERN MYTHOLOGY, viz.*

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* In this edition of the Dramatic Sketches of Northern Mythology, there are some deviations from the text of the former, and the notes are occasionally altered: the Monodrama of Oswald has also been added to the other pieces.

a

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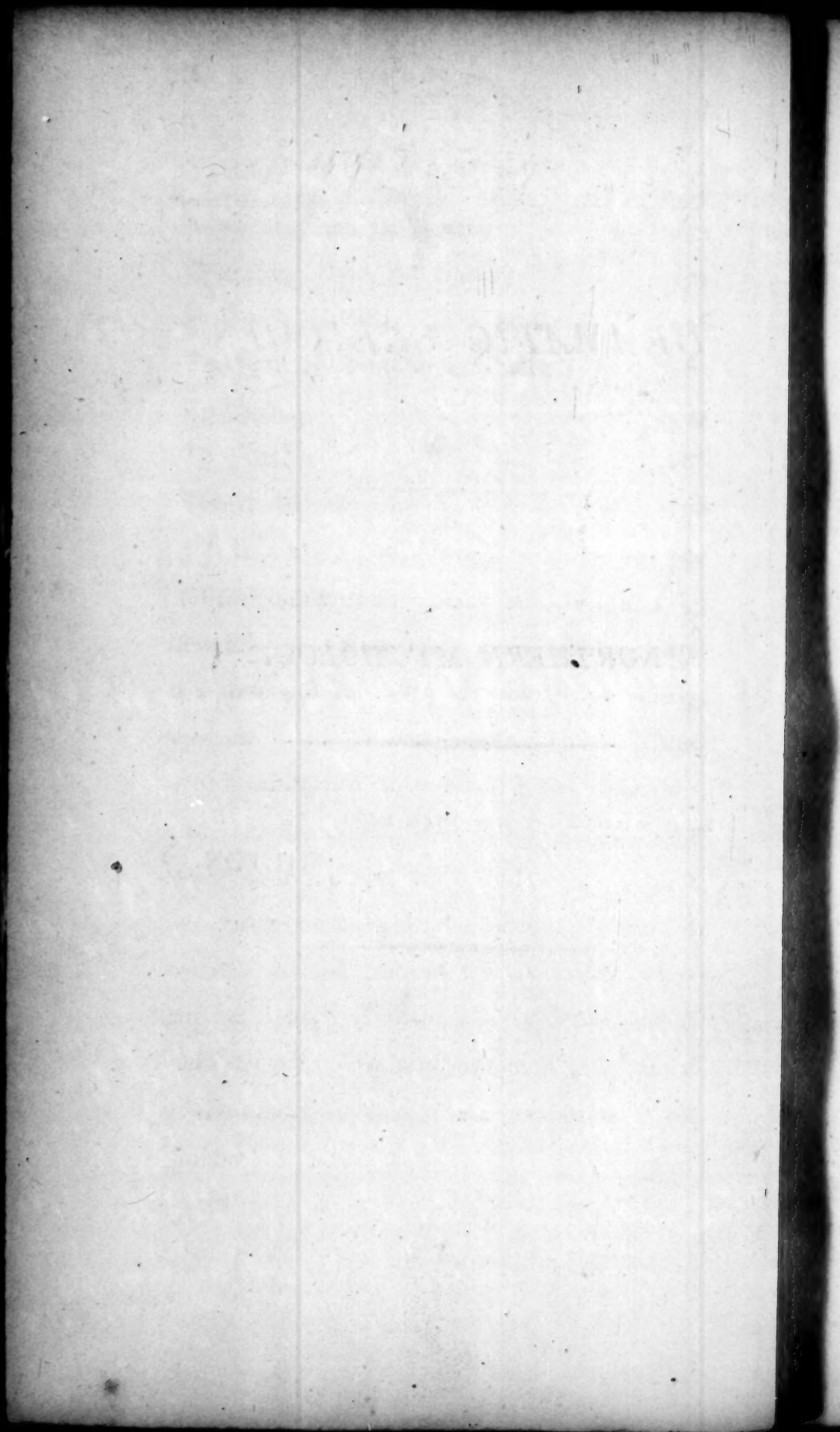
DRAMATIC SKETCHES

O F

NORTHERN MYTHOLOGY.

Fallor? an et radios hinc quoque Phœbus habet?

MILTON.



P R E F A C E.

AMONG the variety of mythological systems which have contributed at different periods to decorate the poetry of England, it is much to be lamented, that we should discover only the faintest traces of the splendid and sublime religion of our Northern Ancestors. Mr. Gray is the only one among our more celebrated Poets who has deigned to notice the sacred fables of the Goths; he has touched them indeed with a masterly though sparing hand; yet, even the little which he has chosen to introduce, has repaid his attention, by
adding

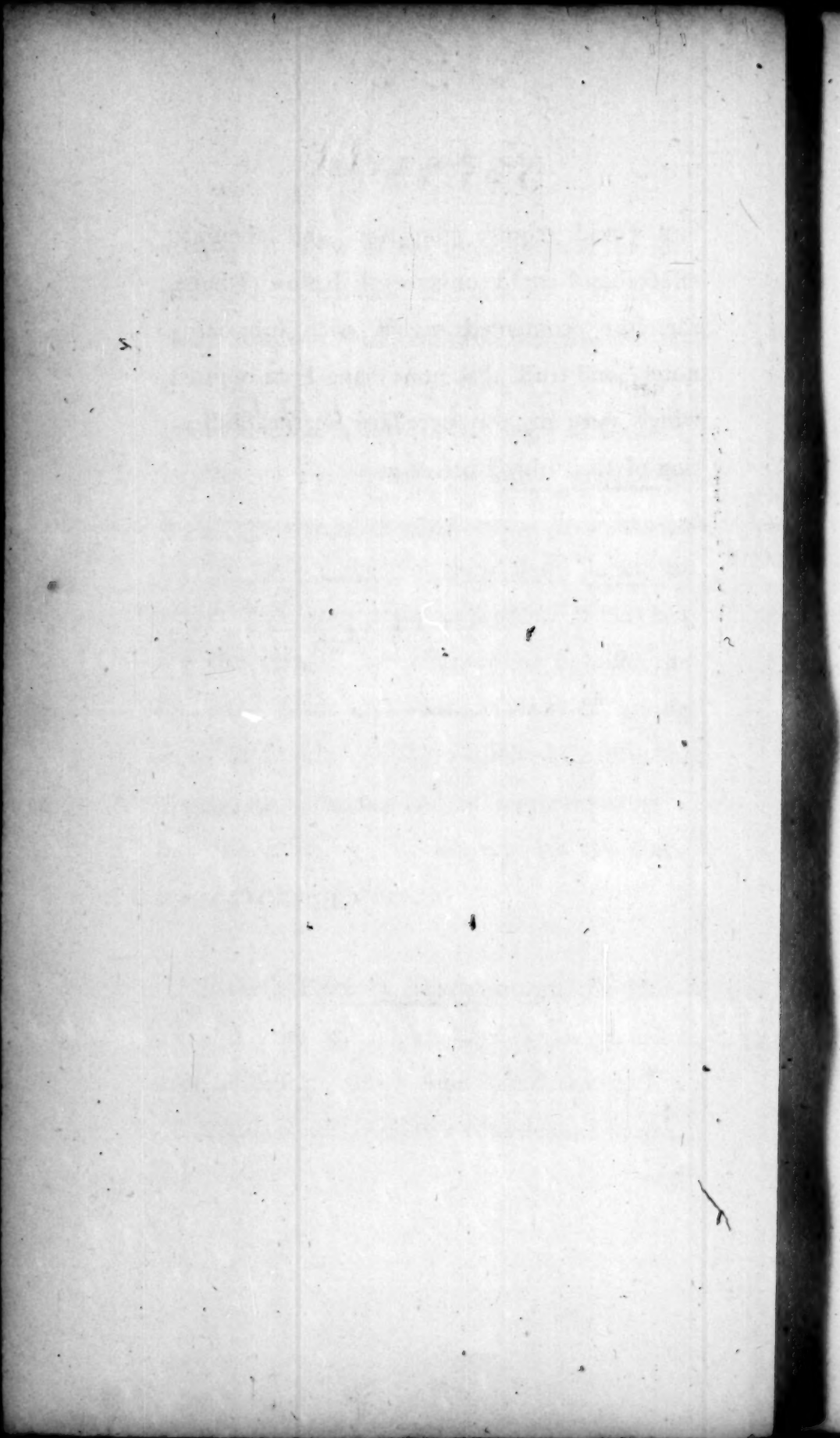
P R E F A C E.

adding to some of his more popular performances both grandeur and novelty. It is certain, however, that the most magnificent features of Scadinavian superstition have hitherto been chiefly concealed in the Sagas of Iceland, or have appeared only in the tragedies of Klopstock and a few other pieces, little known except among the Germans and Danes, to whom they owe their existence. This being the case, I am tempted to publish the following Sketches, with a view of giving some slight idea of the neglected beauties of the Gothic religion, and of recommending a freer introduction of its imagery into the Poetry of the English nation.

To these Pieces a dissertation on the Northern Mythology might have been prefixed with advantage, but I soon found that such a dissertation would swell to a considerable length,
and

P R E F A C E.

and would require more time and labour to effect than I could conveniently bestow: I have, therefore, contented myself with subjoining notes; and trust, that none have been omitted which were any way necessary for the illustration of the subject before us.



THE
DESCENT of FREA.

A
MASQUE.

—— Miscet preces & supplice cantu
Novas vires poscit.

CLAUDIAN.

b

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INTRODUCTION.

THE Gods of the Northern nations were not, like those of the Greeks, imagined to be immortal; they were exempted neither from pain nor death, and those even who escaped both during a series of ages, were at length to be destroyed at the last day, or as it is styled in the Sagas, "The Twilight of the Gods:" till that time should arrive, they were supposed to dwell in Asgard, and to enjoy, in a supreme degree, those luxuries and pleasures which their uncivilized worshippers considered as the most desirable.

b 2

Balder,

The Gods of the Greeks could not, properly, be considered as immortal - We have an account of the birth of all of them -

INTRODUCTION.

Balder, the Son of Odin, was highly celebrated among the Gods for his exquisite beauty and consummate eloquence; his office, as a Deity, was to guide the horse of day, called Skinfax, in his diurnal course, and he is therefore properly to be considered as the God of the Sun. The death of Balder was effected by the artifice of Lok, the most malicious and baneful of the Gothic Deities: Lok, however, dared not openly to destroy him with his own hand, but for this purpose he presented a spear of peculiar power to another of the Sons of Odin, Hoder, who, with this enchanted weapon, unintentionally pierced his brother to the heart. As Balder fell not in battle, his shade, in conformity to the tenets of the Gothic religion, was supposed to descend to the dwelling of Hela, the Goddess of the infernal realms. Great was the grief in
Heaven

INTRODUCTION.

Heaven on account of his death, and Frea*, the Goddess of Beauty, peculiarly afflicted by the loss of her lover, resolved to undertake a journey to his gloomy habitation, in hopes of obtaining his release. This descent of Frea, and the success which attended it, are the subjects of the following Masque.

* Hermod, or Herman, is the person supposed to have descended in search of Balder, but some license will be granted to poetical compositions.

PERSONS of the MASQUE.

ODIN, God of War, and King of the other
Deities.

THOR, God of the Air.

SURTUR, God of Fire.

NIORD, God of the Sea.

LOK, God of the Infernal Regions.

BALDER, God of the Sun.

HERTHA, Goddess of Fertility, and wife of
Odin.

FREA, Goddess of Beauty.

HELA, Goddess of Death.

THE
DESCENT OF FREA.

ACT I.

SCENE. *The Infernal Regions.*

BALDER.

T HOU land of horror! where unyielding frost
Piles high the mountain-ice, and dims the air
With ever-hissing fleet, where piercing blasts

Thou land of horror!] The kingdom of Hela or Death,
is described as being in a state of continual darkness, and
oppressed with a severe and perpetual winter. Noxious
animals inhabited it, together with the ghosts of perjurers,
affassins, and adulterers, and of all those who died not in
battle, or of a violent death.

It is remarkable, that even after the introduction of Christianity, this doctrine of a place of torment *extremely cold* was not immediately abolished; it is still to be found in some Monkish legends. — *Y in Milton's Par. Lost.*

B

Sweep

Sweep on storm-laden wing o'er solid seas,
 Must Balder here for ever moan unheard?
Or pour his sighs the scoff of shivering ghosts
Shrill-shrieking from their caves? Must Bal-
 der's soul

For ever shudder at the howl of wolves,

*Snakes among
ice & snow* } And shrink from scaly snakes that round him twine
 Their clammy folds and point their quivering
 flings?

Bright scenes of blifs! farewell!—ye glittering
domes,

For ever echoing with the gladfome noise
Of revelry and song harmonious, feats

The howl of wolves.] See Mallet's Northern Antiqui-
 ties. Vol. ii, p. 165.

Ye glittering domes.] The hall of Odin; it was called Valhalla, and is thus described in Sæmund's Edda, Grim-
 nismal 9. "Perfacile dignoscitur iis qui ad Odinum ve-
 niunt ædes adspectu, hastarum manubriis contabulatum
 est laquear, clypeis superne contexta est domus, loricae
 per scamna stratae."—In this place the gods assembled,
and amused themselves with feasting, drinking mead and
listening to music.

Of

Of happy gods, where from the gold-tipt horn
They quaff the scented nectar of the bee,
And thrill with rapture, while the strains of mirth
Rush on sonorous wings their halls among—
 No more shall Balder in your spacious courts
 Catch with transported soul the social joy,
 And mix exulting with celestial bands—
Groves of Valhalla! haunts of kindred gods!
Oft have I wander'd in your flowery paths,
Cool'd by the stream of Mimer, oft I've sought
 Your thickest shade, and catch'd with eager ear
 The notes which softly stole from Braga's harp
 Attun'd to love; and there the beauteous form

Cool'd by the stream of Mimer.] The waters of Mimer *Mimer.*
ran through Asgard; they inspired the drinker with wis-
dom, eloquence, and a poetical spirit.

Braga.] Braga was the god of music and poetry: his *Braga*
wife Iduna was celebrated for possessing "the apples of *Iduna.*
youth," which the deities tasted when advancing to old
age, and which instantly restored them to vigour and
bloom.

Of Frea blooming as the orient day
 Would blushing meet her Balder's steps retir'd,
 Enamour'd gaze upon my graceful limbs,
 And drink the honied accents of my lips—
 Then from her melting eyes the glance of love
 Quick shot—dear scenes of fleeting joy, farewell!
 What now avails the form that Frea lov'd?
 What now avail the winning words that charm'd
 Encircling gods?—amid the giant-brood,
Amid the yelling ghosts of murderers
Forlorn I dwell—no silver-sounding voice
Melodious warbles to my sorrowing soul,
The footy raven sails around my head,
 And harshly chants her hoarsest descant here;
 Ah wretch! no more the chearful light of heaven
 Shall meet thy wandering eyes, for here no ray
 Of morning plays with softest lustre round,

Frea.] Frea, or Freya, the goddess of beauty, was the daughter of Niord, god of the sea.

The giant-brood.] The giants of frost were inhabitants of this dreary kingdom: Rimer was their chief.

Nor

Nor here ambrosial eve with fragrant hand
Scatters her sweets—

Thou flaming fteed of day! whose golden mane
 Waves in the air and pours the flood of light;
 Oft have I sprung upon thy glossy back
 To trace the radiant path, then mounted high
 The blue expanse of heaven, and girt with beams
 Of dazzling glory wing'd my course rejoicing—
 Alas! how chang'd! in midnight gloom enwrapt
The lord of splendour groans in Hela's halls,
 Hurl'd, hurl'd for ever from the blazing sky—
 And hurl'd by whom?—a much-lov'd brother's
 hand

Blasted my blifs, and dash'd me from the height
 Of joy to misery—amid my pangs
 A sigh shall rise for him—what poison'd darts
 Of anguish rankle in his guiltless soul,
 While slowly wandering from the thronged courts

Girt with beams.] Balder wore a belt in his course **Balder.**
round the earth, which communicated to it light and
heat.

He

He seeks the lonely vale, and loudly weeps
 His hateful bloody deed.—Ye cruel maids,
When first ye 'gan to weave my woof of fate,
Ye dy'd it with the roseate hues of spring—
At length the raven croak'd—with joy ye snatch'd
The cords of woe, and dipp'd th' unfinish'd web
Deep in the pitchy water of despair.—

O thou! who sitt'st upon thy shining throne
 Array'd in splendour! Odin, Odin! hear
 The sorrows of a son, and turn thine eye,
 Moist with paternal grief, from scenes of glory,
 Pierce through the thickest horrors which sur-
 round me,

Extend thy daring arm, and drag thy child
 From caves of darkness to thy beamy hall—
 Father, I ask in vain—it is not thine
 To break the harsh decrees of Fate unchanging,

Ye cruel maids.] The Fatal Sisters, or Nornies; they
were three in number. Urd, who presided over the past,
Verandi, over the present, and Schulda, over the future.
They were supposed to weave for every human being a
woof on which his fate depended.

But

But Balder, wretched Balder here must mourn
 For endless years—What flickering ray of light
Shoots from on high? What wafted perfume scents
The dusky air? Some pitying god descends
 To visit these sad scenes—'Tis she! 'tis she!—

FREA. (*Entering.*)

Where is the lovely god that Hoder tore
 From Frea's fond embrace?—Again I'm near
 him,

Again my tear-worn eyes behold my Balder,
 Yes, son of Odin, from the starry realm
 Above, I come to seek thy black abode,
 The mourning gods stalk silent in their groves—
 Without thee heaven itself is misery—
 The fiery horse of Odin bore me hither,
 Nine days his rapid feet unceasing scour'd

The fiery horse of Odin.] The name of Odin's horse was
Sleipner; he was supposed to have had eight feet, and
was celebrated for his wonderful swiftness.

Nine days.] The particulars of this descent are chiefly
 taken from Mallet's Northern Antiquities. Vol. II.

A mea-

A measureless extent of vallies dark;
 At length the foaming tide of Giall stopp'd him,
 High o'er its waves a lofty bridge arose
 On golden pedestals, a steel-clad warrior
For ever guards its entrance.—Who art thou,
 He cried aloud, thus hastening to the halls
 Of gloomy death? No livid paleness stains
 The roses of thy cheeks, no deadly dimness
 Damps the keen lustre of those eyes that flash
 With living fire, thou art no child of Hela—
 Away, I answer'd, 'tis a goddess hastes
 To Hela's halls—I lash'd my snorting steed—
 With thundering hoof he spurn'd the rock-
 ing pile,
 Nor stopp'd till Hela's iron gates forbade
 His eager steps; then, like a flaming star,
 He shot aloft in air and bore me swift
 Above the towering walls.—I tremble still.

Tide of 'Giall.] Giall was the name of the river which
separated the earth from the infernal regions.

BALDER.

BALDER.

Ah! fear not Frea—

FREA.

Had this arm the power
To force thee upward from the cave of death,
Then would eternal joy reward my toil—
But Hela's iron chains no hand can break
Against her pleasure, and her haughty soul
Joys in the anguish of the tortur'd ghost.

BALDER.

And can that winning form entreat in vain?
Can Hela hear unmov'd thy suppliant voice?
No, Frea, no, upon thy rosy lips
Perfuaſion fits reſiſtleſs—haſte, accoſt her:

C

FREA.

FREA.

Come from thy murky cells,
Where midnight darkness dwells,
Thou dreadful maid ;
Come from thy chilly halls.—
The weeping Frea calls,
And seeks thy saving aid.

HELA. (*From within.*)

Hence, hence, away ;
No soothing charms
From Hela's arms
Shall snatch her prey.

FREA.

By Allfather's sacred head,
Which bowing shakes the lofty sky,
And regions of the dead,

Allfather's sacred head.] Allfader, or Father of all, was
one of the titles of Odin.

By

By the holy Ash which rears
Its waving honours high,
I charge thee, awful pow'r,
To quit thy gloomy bow'r
And yield to Frea's tears.

HELA. (*Entering.*)

Hence to the fields of air—
Hence, goddess, quick depart,
Nor think the lover's prayer
Will bend my iron heart.

FREA.

Deep in thy misty caves my Balder lies;
Alas! how wither'd by the touch of woe!
Dim is the lustre of his fading eyes,
And fullen sadness marks his manly brow.

C 2

Quick

The holy ash which rears.] The sacred ash of an im-
mense size which grew in the city of the gods was called
Hydrasil,

Quick through his frame divine chill lan-
gours shoot,
The boasted roses of his cheeks are pale,
The soothing tongue of eloquence is mute,
O let his tears, his frequent sighs avail.

Come, gentle Pity, come unwonted guest,
And speed thy hasty flight to Hela's cave,
Then smiling hover o'er her melting breast,
And teach her yielding heart to feel and save.

And can'st thou, Hela, see with ruthless look
The fairest form that wails along thy shore?—
Tear the black leaf from Fate's unerring book,
The grief-worn Balder to my arms restore.

Hydrasil, seated under its shade, Odin administered jus-
ice;—one of its roots pierced to the dwelling of the
Fates.

Together

Together let us climb the burning arch,
Which darts aloft its many-colour'd light,
 Together let us speed the rapid march,
 And quit, for ever quit the land of night.

Yield, Hela, yield ; Valhalla's mournful courts
 No longer echo with the jocund sound,
 The joyless gods disdain their wonted sports
 And sorrow casts her darkest shadows round.

Since Balder sunk untimely to the tomb,
Dim are the lingering beams of rising day,
The pale moon sleeps her silver orb in gloom ,
 And sickly nature doffs her bright array—

The burning arch.] The Rainbow: called by the Goths
Bifrost, and supposed to burn. It was accounted the
bridge from earth to heaven.

HELA

HELA.

Frea, no more,

When all the gods of nature lave

With briny tears thy Balder's grave,

Then Balder I restore;

Yes, by Allfather's sacred head,

If all the gods of nature lave

With briny tears thy Balder's grave,

Again the courts of heaven shall echo to his
tread.

Hence, away.

FREA.

Enough, enough, I mount with speed,

And lash my winged steed

To realms of day.

END OF ACT I.

ACT II.

SCENE. *Valhalla.*

The Gods assembled in Odin's hall.

ODIN.

WELCOME, fair Queen of Love, to
Odin's hall.

Say, hast thou mov'd the stubborn soul of Hela,
By soft persuasion and resistless sighs,
To yield the much-lov'd Balder back to light?

FREA.

Great king of gods and men, the only boon
That Hela granted to my sorrowing soul
Was this; when all the gods of nature weep
The briny tear on hapless Balder's grave,

Then

Then from the dreary clime of ghosts he comes
To grace Valhalla's halls ; but golden hope
Has not yet fled the woe-worn Frea's bosom ;
Still may the words of grief entice the tear
From pitying gods, and snatch from Hela's arms
Her splendid prey.—

(Continues addressing Odin.)

God of carnage, king of might,
Clinging to thy fable fleet,
And dashing thro' the fight,
Thou smil'st when thousands bleed :
Coucher

Odin.

God of carnage.] Odin was the chief of the Gothic deities, and the god of war ; he administered justice in heaven, and was acquainted with futurity by means of a raven which was sent to him by Schulda, one of the Fates. His commands were usually executed by the Valkyries who attended upon his table, and selected those in battle who were doomed to die. He often condescended, it was thought, to intermix in the conflict himself, to inflame the fury of the warriors, and to strike those who were to perish.

Some

Coucher of the ponderous spear,

Thou shout'st amid the battle's sound—

The armed Sisters hear,

Viewless hurrying o'er the ground

They strike the destin'd chiefs and call them
to the skies:

Lo!

Some account of the history of Odin may not be deemed superfluous. He was the chief of the Ases, an uncivilized tribe who dwelt on the borders of the lake Mæotis, and Asgard, whose name was afterwards transferred to the *city of the gods*, was the most noted town which he possessed. At the time when Mithridates yielded to the arms of Pompey, Odin, unable to resist the power of Rome, crossed with his followers from Asiatic Sarmatia to seek for conquest and liberty in Sweden; after fierce combats with the ancient inhabitants he at length subdued Scandinavia: his eloquence and talents, imagined by his ignorant subjects to be more than human, secured to him the empire which he had gained by the sword: when thus confident of obedience, he inculcated a new religion, in which he had the address to make himself the principal object of adoration, and to enroll in the list of new-created deities the females most nearly connected with him and his favourite companions.

Odin.

Lo! from Schulda's misty towers
On jetty wing the raven flies
And bears the deeds of future hours ;
To thee he hastes—in solemn state
 Thou read'st the dread commands of fate
 To listening deities ;
 Say, is it doom'd no parents tear
 Shall wet thy Balder's fable bier?
 Wilt thou not weep thy child forlorn,
 Thy blooming child by Hela torn
 From halls of bliss
 To caves of dark despair?
 Yes, Odin, yes,
 I mark the gushing drops which stain
 A father's cheek,

Those

Those gushing drops thy anguish speak,
Balder shall live again
And cleave the realms of air.

ODIN.

Odin drops the tear,
To wet thy Balder's bier.

FREA. (*Addressing Hertha.*)

Queen of the fertile earth,
Whose all-creative hand
First gave the sons of man their birth;

D 2

And

Queen of the fertile earth.] Hertha was the wife of Odin, and the goddess of fertility. The following account of her festival is given us by Tacitus in his admirable treatise, *de Moribus Germaniæ*:—"Herthum, id est Terram Matrem colunt, eamque intervenire rebus hominum, invehiculis arbitrantur: est in insula oceani castum nemus, dicatumque in eo vehiculum veste contextum: attingere uni sacerdoti concessum: is adesse penetrali deam intelligit

And scatter'd o'er the desert land

The painted flower, the budding tree,

The billowy crops of yellow grain;

Peopled every teeming plain,

And fill'd with life the restless sea ;

Whene'er thy stately form appears ,

On mortal shore,

No war nor battle's din,

Is heard thy realms within ;

ligit, vēctamque bubus feminis multa cum veneratione
prosequitur : læti tunc dies ; festa loca, quæcumque ad-
ventu hospitioque dignatur ; non bella ineunt ; non arma
sumunt ; clausum omne ferrum : pax et quies tunc tan-
tum nota, tunc tantum amata ; donec idem sacerdos
satiatam conversatione mortalium deam templo red-
dat ; mox vehiculum et vestes, et si credere velis, nu-
men ipsum secreto lacu abluitur. Servi ministrant ; quos
statim idem lacus haurit ; arcanus hinc terror sanctaque
ignorantia, quid sit illud quod tantum perituri vident.”—
It is not improbable that the feast known by the name of
Easter, was originally this feast of Hertha.

No more the armed foldier réars

The tined lance,

And spurs the steed no more.—

Before thy veiled car the rosy Pleasures dance,

Balmy odours round thee play

Richer verdure dyes thy way,

Double glory gilds the day.

Say, Hertha, wilt thou drop the tear

On youthful Balder's fable bier?

HERTHA.

Hertha drops the tear,

To wet thy Balder's bier.

FREA. (*Addressing Thor.*)

God of the wandering air,

Whose forked flashes tear

The

God of the wandering air.] Thor, the god of weather; Thor.
—with a mace he ruled the giants of frost, and with his
 iron

The pine high-towering on the mountain-side;
Who joy'ft o'er fhaking rocks to guide

The thunder's fiery courfe;

Who bidft thy dark clouds pour

The vaft and whelming fhower

And fwell the torrent's force.

God of ftorms, when levelling hail,

When hollow-roaring whirlwinds fail,

Sweeping o'er the valley's pride,

Rolling high the weltering tide,

Thou fpeak'ft—thy potent voice difarms

The tempeft's rage:—thy genial calms,

Thy fultry gales, and foftering dew

Cloath the wafte earth anew.

iron gauntlet he hurled the thunder.—The yearly feaft in
honour of this god, which was celebrated in the winter-
folftice, was called *Juul*: hence the word *Yeol*, or *Yule*,
the old name for *Chriftmas*.

God

God of the iron-mace,
Which tames the giant-race,
Say, wilt thou drop the pitying tear
On youthful Balder's fable bier?

THOR.

Thor shall drop the pitying tear,
And wet thy Balder's fable bier.

FREA. (*Addressing Surtur.*)

King of resistless fire,
Who bidst the nightly meteors ride
Along the snow-wrapt Hecla's side—
Who wieldst aloft with mighty hand
The burning, starry-pointed brand,
And dazzled hosts retire;

King of resistless fire.] Surtur was the chief of the spi- *Surtur.*
rits of fire; his dwelling was called *Muspelheim*: he pos-
sessed a sword of flame, at the end of which was a sun.

Where'er

Where'er thy furious course is sped,

Nature bows her wither'd head:

Thy fatal car outstrips the wind,

Thy courfers scorching nostrils breathe

A wide consuming steam beneath—

Destruction flies behind;

She rears her red right hand

And with her flaming besom sweeps the blasted
land.—

Say, Surtur, wilt thou drop the tear

On youthful Balder's fable bier?

SURTUR.

Surtur drops the tear,

To wet thy Balder's bier.

FREA. (*Addressing Niord.*)

Lord of the boundless deep,

Whose murmuring waters gently swell

And kiss the craggy steep;

When

When thunders burst around,
 And tempests yell,
 Thy heaving plain repeats th' appalling sound,
 Thy frothy surges rise
 And lash the darken'd skies,
 Thy rapid eddies wheel with fleeter motion;
Then by the lightning's livid glare,
Thou stalk'st serene thro' murky air,
 Which shrouds the raging ocean;
 But soon the smouldering thunders cease,
Soon the winged Tempests flee,
Thor in breezes whispers peace,
 * Sun-beams gild the sinking sea.—
 O'er its white brim on calming wing
 The heitre play'd—
And stillness hover'd on the gales of spring—
 When Braga touch'd the quivering string,
 And slowly stray'd
 To Niord's shore;

The heitre.] A bird of calm; the halcyon of the North.

E

On

On its shining surface flood
The father of the flood,
He bade the bard celestial pour
His softest notes—

The melting music floats
Upon the charmed wave—

Come from thy dewy cave,

My father cries,

Arise, arise,

Let the azure waters lave

Thy snowy limbs and golden hair—

He spake, and Freya rose to realms of air,—

Then Niord clasp'd me to his breast

And all the parent's pride confest ;

Now will my father's heart disdain

To ease his daughter's piercing pain ?

Or wilt thou drop the pitying tear,

On youthful Balder's fable bier ?

NIORD.

NIORD.

Niord drops the tear,
To wet thy Balder's bier.

FREA. (*Addressing Lok.*)

God of the nether world,
Whose deadly arrow hurl'd
The youthful Balder to the caves of night,
O, let not Shulda write
His everlasting doom;
O, let not Balder's tomb
For ever stand,
But snatch with pitying hand
From Hela's curs'd abode
The fallen god;
Revive, revive his wither'd charms,
And give him back to Frea's arms.
Drop, O Lok, the pitying the tear
On youthful Balder's fable bier.

LOK.

LOK.

Away, away,
Lok ne'er will weep—
Let Hela keep
Her splendid prey.

FREA.

By the raven's song of death,
By the night-mair's baneful breath,
By the gluttoned vulture's scream,
By the tomb-fire's lurid gleam,

By the night-mair's.] This word, generally, tho' improperly spelt *mare*, is the plural of *mai*, a maid:—the Fates were so called.

The tomb-fire's lurid gleam.] A faint flame, always visible in the night, was believed by the Goths to hover over the tombs of those with whom enchanted weapons, or treasures, had been buried.

By

By the mighty serpent's blood,
By the roar of Giall's flood,
By the war-hounds' fatal yell,
By all the horrors of thy hell,
I charge thee weep the briny tear
On youthful Balder's fable bier.

LOK.

No—tho' Valhalla's towering wall
Around these finewy limbs should fall,
Tho' Skinfax plunge his flaming head
Amid the caverns of the dead,
Tho' Surtur aim his fiery dart
And heap his flames around my heart,
Tho' Niord's foaming main should roar,

The mighty serpent's.] Midgard.—See the death-song
in Moina.

The war-hounds'.] Garm, the dog of Hela, was the most
noted of these dogs: he was fed with the corpes of the
flain, and guarded the souls of the cowardly in the infer-
nal regions.

Garm.
or
Grymer.

On

And dash me lifeless on the shore ;
Tho' Thor should hurl his iron mace
And stain with gore this hated face ;
Tho Odin's self in wrath should rear
His golden spear
And shining shield,
This stubborn ^{soul} ~~heart~~ shall never yield,
Hela shall hold her splendid prey
While countless ages roll away.

THE END.

MOINA.

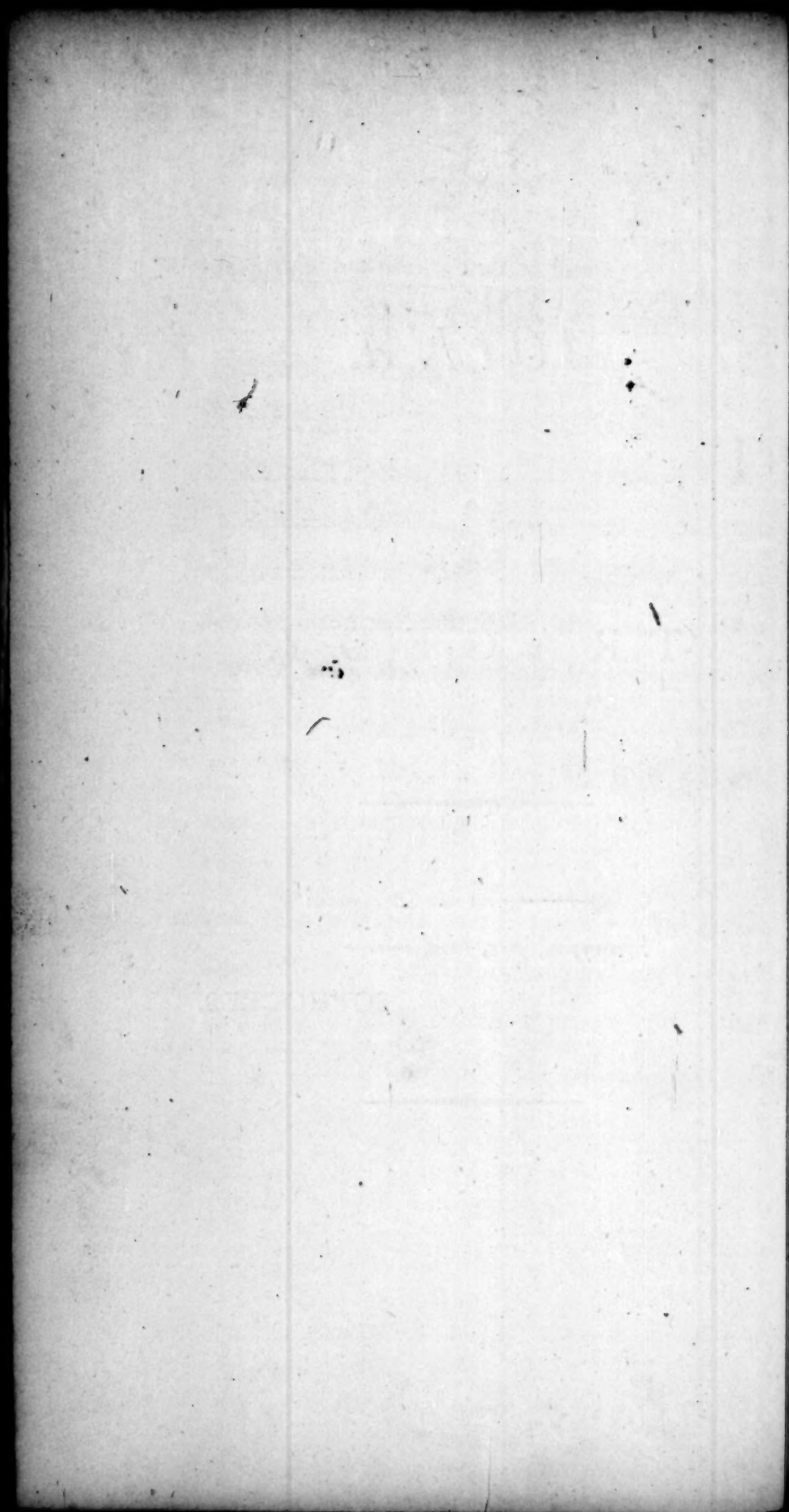
A

TRAGEDY.

ΟΛΒΓ—νυν δε τη 3^η ημερα

Στεναγμος, ατη, θανατος—

SOPHOCLES.



INTRODUCTION.

THE story of the following Tragedy is fictitious; the event may, without impropriety, be supposed to have happened on the coast of Ireland, which the Northern nations were accustomed to plunder before ~~the~~^{their} conversion to Christianity. The Greek form of dramatic writing has been adopted, as affording in its chorus the most favourable opportunity for the display of mythological imagery. Rime has not been used in the odes, both because it was less conformable to the model imitated, and because it appeared unnecessary, if not prejudicial in this species of poetry.

INTRODUCTION.

PERSONS OF THE PLAY.

MOINA,

CARRIL,

} Celts.

Chorus of Bards.

Messengers]

SCENE. *A Castle in the possession of Harold.*

MOINA.

MOINA.

FULL fifty nights have cast their gloom
around me

Since first the hated Saxon tore me trembling
From parents, kindred, and a much lov'd land—
Yet loss of parents, kindred, and my country
Scarce move a soul oppress'd with keener grief,
In the loud strife of arms, in fields of blood,
My Carril fiercely fighting for his Moina
Fell—fell by Harold's arm, and smiling hope
For ever fled my breast—here, here he lives,

F 2

And

And while my eyes behold this hated light
 He still shall live, and still with fullen pleasure
 I'll dwell on other times, when all was hope,
 When all was love and joy—accursed beauty !
Would that the god of Fura's sacred wood
Had wither'd this fair form—the Saxon then
Had seen and hated me.—Wife?—Harold's
wife?—

Yes—'tis a murderer's arm embraces me,
 A murderer calls me his, the murderer
 Of Carril!—Would this hand——
 But hark! the sound of song, the daily greeting
 Of aged bards.—

MOINA,

Bards.] Bards, or Scalds, were usually to be met with among the retainers of the Gothic chiefs: they appear to have officiated as priests, and they contributed to the festivity of their patron's entertainments, by their music and songs: for this they received ample rewards, as we find from many of their odes, in which they praise their lord for his rich presents to them, of robes, steeds, &c. Their verses were chiefly calculated to excite a martial spirit, by celebrating the glorious deeds of the gods and
 of

MOINA, CHORUS:

CHORUS.

Hail to her whom Frea loves,
Moina, hail:
When first thy infant eyes beheld
The blushing beam of orient day
Frea from Valhalla's groves
Mark'd thy birth in silent joy;
From Valhalla's groves she sent

of the Gothic warriors, and by promising happiness to those who fell in battle. These Poems were called *Vyses*: and it is asserted that there were no less than 136 different kinds of measure used in them. The composers considered *alliteration* as highly important, if not absolutely necessary in versification and have generally studied it with great care: they appear to have entirely neglected *rime*, and only to have introduced it occasionally, and when it readily occurred.

The

The swift-wing'd messenger of love,
Bearing in her rosy hand
The gold-tipt horn of gods;
From this thy lips imbib'd
The draught of mead divine,
Thro' thy tender frame distilling,
It form'd thy snowy limbs to grace,
It gloss'd thy raven hair,
Illum'd thy sparkling eyes,
And flush'd thy cheek with crimson hues
Unfading.
Hail to her whom Frea loves,
Moina, hail.

MOINA.

Ye venerable men, my grief-worn soul

Gna. *Messenger of Love*]. Gna is the name of Frea's messenger; Fulla and Noffa were the two other Graces who attended the Venus of the North.

7 *Mead divine.*] The beverage of the Northern deities.

Scarce

Scarce heeds your salutation: child of sorrow
The soothing voice of flattery passes by me,
Like feeble gales which fan a warring host,
Unnotic'd.—Is your chief return'd?

CHORUS.

As yet
No messenger of victory has reach'd us.

MOINA.

To slay, to conquer, these are Harold's pleasures,
fures,

To stain his dark blue steel with human gore;

Cannot the glad repast, the song of bards,

The vigor-giving chace, the solemn council,

Withdraw the savage hero from the battle?

No—these are vain.—To shed the blood of
thousands,

To strew the reeking plain with sons and
brothers,

To

To cleave the father's and the lover's breast,
These are the only joys a Saxon feels.—

God of my fathers, strike the fell destroyers,
Blunt, blunt their steel, benumb their hardy
finews,

Pour out their tide of life, that peace again
May bless my country.

CHORUS.

E'en the gods themselves,
Who dwell above in happiness and glory,
Delight in shining arms and fierce encounter;
From fair Valhalla's courts they rush with joy
To meet each other with their brandish'd blades,
And mix in sportive fight; when battle tires,
Again they seek the feast, and quaff again
From gold-encircled horn the amber mead.
Such is their happy life; and can'st thou wonder
That man should imitate the gods? that man
Should

Should laugh at fear, and boldly die to claim
A feat of joy?

MOINA.

So may Valhalla's halls
Be quickly fill'd with souls of fallen Saxons!—
Thou unseen power, who in my country's woods
In awful silence dwell'st, whom trembling
Druids
With hallow'd rites invoke, arise, arise,
And wing the well-aim'd dart to Harold's
bosom—

A feat of joy.] To mix with the warlike deities of the *Monoheroes.*
North, to enjoy the festivity of Valhalla, and to quaff ale
and mead from the skulls of their enemies, were the re-
wards which Odin offered to the brave in a future state;
a mixture of pleasure and revenge which was admirably
calculated to act upon the minds of a barbarous race.

G

CHORUS.

CHORUS.

Beware, nor call the vengeance of thy gods
Upon a husband's head; should Harold fall,
With pain I see what follows.—

MOINA.

What can follow?
What keener woes than those I know already?
A breathless lover and an aged parent
In sorrow sinking to the narrow house?
The breast of Moina fears no greater anguish.

CHORUS.

No more—our words distress thee.

MOINA.

Fare ye well.

CHORUS.

CHORUS.

King of gods on shining throne,
 Thou, who with a single glance
 Piercest Nature's wide extent,
Thou, who from the spring of Mimer
Quaffest liquid lore divine,
 • Odin, hear.

King of gods, whom Hydrafil
With sacred shadow veils,
 Whilst around thee sit cœlestials,
 Whilst beneath thee Fates attend,
 Odin, hear.

King of men, who dealest triumph
 Brave in battle, brave in death,

On shining throne.] Lidskialfa was the name of Odin's *Lidskialfa.*
throne, whence the whole world was supposed to be vi-
sible to him.

Gash'd with gory wounds,
In agony thou smil'st;
 King of men, whose dark blue steel
 No foe untonquer'd saw,
 Soon his heart's blood smok'd around,
 Soon his daunted spirit fled,
 Odin, hear.]

In Harold's breast thy ^{valour} ~~power~~ pour,
 String his nerves, his eyes inflame,
 Direct his brawny arm to fling
 The darts of death around,
 In the tempest of the battle
 Throw thy shield of safety o'er him,
 Protect him with thy mighty hand,
 And send him back with victory.

Odin . Gash'd with gory wounds.] Odin, whilst he was yet on earth, is recorded to have stabbed himself at an advanced period of age in nine different places. The Gothic nations esteemed it dishonourable not to die a violent death.

But

But should the Fatal Sisters mark
 Our chieftain's soul to grace thy halls,
 Should the keen arrow pierce his side
 And Harold' perish in the fight,
 When death shall numb his finewy limbs,
 When his bent knees shall tottering fail,
 When shades of night shall gloom his eyes
 And sinking nature yield,
 Then may no groan of woe escape
 Our hardy chieftain's fainting lips,
 Then may no writhing pang distort
 The dying hero's face ;
 Joyful to fall in fields of blood
 To him may death's cold steel be welcome,
 And may he laughing die.

CHORUS.

CHORUS,

CARRIL, *in the Habit of a Bard.*

CARRIL. *Afide.*

Under the cover of these sacred garments,
 A sure protection from the hand of insult,
 I yet may hope to find my much-lov'd Moina;
 Since first my wounded limbs would bear me on
 I've vainly wander'd; many a stately castle
 Has hospitably cheer'd my fainting body,
 But on my mind forlorn no gleam of joy
 Hath yet arisen—perhaps within these walls—
 Ah no—my tortures must not finish yet—
 Would that the pious hands which found me
 bleeding
 'Midst heaps of slain, had left me there to perish,
 Then had the long calm sleep of death oppress'd me,
 Nor had I wak'd to anguish—

CARRIL.

CARRIL, *turning to the Chorus.*

Aged Bards
Have pity on me, take me to your halls,
Weary and faint I ask some slight relief,
Shut not your doors against a helpless man.—

CHORUS.

Accurst be he who 'gainst the suppliant stranger
Shall bolt his massy iron gates, unmindful
Of misery's voice.—These halls have ever offer'd
Food and repose to way-worn travellers.

CARRIL.

I thank ye venerable men—but say,
What warlike chieftain calls this castle his?

Your hospitable halls.] An unbounded hospitality was
one of the most prominent and amiable features in the
character of our Northern ancestors.

See Tacitus de Mor. German. 21.

CHORUS.

CHORUS.

'Tis Harold's castle, urg'd by restless valour
He quits his home and seeks the clash of arms.

CARRIL.

And his fair wife laments her absent lord?

CHORUS.

His fair wife weeps, but not for his return;
Another cause of woe has shrunk her form,—
She weeps her home.

CARRIL.

Her name?

CHORUS.

Her name is Moina.

Why

Why does the red-blood hasten from thy cheek,
The cold dew damp thy face? thy shaking knees
Can scarce support thee.—

CARRIL. (*After a pause.*)

'Tis a sudden fainting,
With tedious steps oppress'd this weakly frame
Sinks under me.

CHORUS.

Retire and take refreshment.

SEMI-CHORUS.

'Tis not he whose arched halls
Resound with revelry and song
That tastes the purest joy,
But he who from his ample store
Feeds the hungry, cheers the faint,

H

On

On languid features sheds the smile
 And lights up radiance in the eye ;
 Him the traveller shall bless,
 Him the gods will love.—
 When shrivell'd by the summer-ray
 The drooping plants imbibe
 The falling rain,
 Again they bud, and pour around
 Their sweeter scents.

CHORUS, CARRIL.

CARRIL.

My strength is now renew'd, I fain would meet
 The lady of these halls.

CHORUS.

She comes, accost her.

CHORUS.

CHORUS, CARRIL, MOINA.

CARRIL.

Lady a stranger whom your domes receiv'd
Offers his thanks : and if 'tis your good pleasure
The wandering bard will raise the sound of song,
The pleasing sound of praise.

MOINA.

Thou holy man,
The flattering song is hateful to my ear,
But if thou know'st to tune the mournful lay,
And softly breathe the melancholy tale,
My sickly soul could listen with delight.

CARRIL.

Please you to sit, fair lady, while I raise
The melting strains of grief.—

Peace, storms of night, ye roaring whirlwinds,
peace ;

Soft glide, ye torrents, from the echoing hills ;
Rise from the murky vale, ye blood-red fires,
And dimly shoot your beams ; ye famish'd wolves
Cease your wild howls—let all be silent, dark—
Ghosts of my fathers, bend your shadowy forms
To hear the tale of woe—

The tale of woe which Mornac thus began.

Swift was my daughter's step on Fura's hills,
Health flush'd her cheek, and down her snowy
neck

The dark locks clustering fell—why starts the
tear?

Why heaves the sigh in Mornac's aged bosom?
No more my Lora meets me on the heath,
No more she cheers my soul with grateful voice,
My lofty halls are silent—

The blue mist rises from the lakes, and fills
The bending flowers with dew, the sun bursts
forth,

The

The mist is gone—no beam of joy dispels
The mist of Mornac's soul, but lasting sorrow
Cleaves to my aged heart—my child, where art
thou ?

Dark is thy bed, O Lora, grief has crush'd
Thy tender form, far from a parent's bosom
The hand of rapine snatch'd thee, and thy sleep
Ere this is deep—accursed be the chief
Who fought on Fura's plains, my feeble arm
Benumb'd with age's winter struck in vain,
In vain did Carril fight, the much-lov'd Carril,
Fierce was his look, full rose his finewy limbs,
As a dark cloud he mov'd, and shook his glit-
tering spear—

The steel deep pierc'd his side, death hover'd
round him

O'erwhelm'd amid the slain—fear seiz'd our
soldiers,

They fled the strife of spears; the conquering
Saxons

Enter'd

Enter'd our halls defenceless, thence they bore
My Lora, but the blue-ey'd chief disdain'd
To smear with frozen blood his dark-blue steel ;
Cruel he spar'd me to lament my woes
And sink in anguish to the narrow house.
When the huge mass of snow from beetling
hills

Descends impetuous on the cottage roof,
 And buries in its fall the father, mother,
 And infant offspring, then no sound of woe
 Is heard, no parent weeping for a child,
 No child deep-sobbing for a tender parent,
All find a common grave and sleep in peace—
 But when the roaring torrent rushes down
 The dark-brown rocks, and from the moun-
 tain-deer

Snatches her sportive fawn, the hapless mother
 Forgets her food, forgets the wonted spring,
 And quits the playful herd; old Mornac thus
 Rejects the joys of life to weep in secret.
 And now the conquering enemy retir'd,

The

The hoary druids from their sacred woods
Come forth, they haste to close our fallen friends
In the cold earth—when Carril they espy
Yet breathing—

CHORUS.

Venerable man, thy tale
Has deeply touch'd our lady—she retires—
Finish thy song.

CARRIL.

In Carril's wounds they pour
The healing balm, recall his fainting soul
And raise him up to misery—and now
O'er Fura's plains the lover wanders mourning,
In Fura's mossy towers the father weeps.—
Rise, storms of night, ye raging whirlwinds, rise ;
Roar loud, ye torrents, from the towering hills ;
Howl, howl, ye wolves ; ye fiery meteors, blaze
With

With redder beams—away to hovering clouds,
Ghosts of the dead—the solemn song is sung.

A MESSENGER.

Moina, old man, commands you to attend her.
 Follow.—

CHORUS

What sound cœlestial floats
 Upon the liquid air?—
Is it the rustling breeze
From Glafor's golden boughs?
Is it the dark-green deep
Soft echoing to the notes
Of Niord's swans?

Glafor

*Glafor's golden boughs.] Glafor was a forest in Algard;
 the trees which composed it shot forth golden branches.*

Swans.

*Of Niord's swans.] Of the musical powers of the swan,
 the favourite bird of Niord, the Scandinavians enter-
 tained the same opinion as the Greek and Romans.*

No—'tis Braga's harp,
Braga sweeps the sounding strings—
Mimer's stream inspires the god,
With swimming eyes
And soul of fire
He pours the tide of harmony.—

He whom Braga loves
 Shall swell the solemn lay,
 Shall strike the chords of joy,
 And gently touch the shell.
 He whom Braga loves
 Shall wake the din of war,
 In flame the chieftain's soul,
 And send him in his glittering arms
 To fields of blood.

I

CHORUS:

CHORUS, *at a distance.*

CARRIL, MOINA.

MOINA.

In vain thou urgest flight—tho' force com-
pell'd me

To share the bed of Harold, whilst he breathes
I'm his alone—and would not Carril's self
Detest me, faithless?—should some happy arm
Transfix the Saxon, hope again might beam
Upon the cloud of grief which veils us round;
Then might I fly and rest in Carril's arms.

CARRIL.

'Tis well—When Harold's haughty steps resound
Within his courts, I'll dare him to the combat:

MOINA.

MOINA.

No, Carril, no—I love thy dauntless spirit,—
 Yet should the chieftain bleed within these walls,
 A sure destruction waits upon us both.

Calm thy fierce courage—on the road which
leads

O'er yonder hill, a gloomy forest borders,
The sun-beams never pierce its sides, the wolf,
The hissing snake possesses it; there resides
A prophetess deep skill'd in Runic lore;
 Haste to her cave, and force her to demand

*A Prophetess deep skill'd.] That these prophetesses or
 witches were held in great veneration among the Nor-
 thern nations is confirmed by the testimony of various au-
 thors.—Inesse quin etiam, (says Tacitus, de Mor. Germ.)
 sanctum quid et providum fæminis putant. See also
 Cæsar de Bell. Gal. Lib. 7.*

[70]

By magic rites, if joy or grief await
Our future hours.

CARRIL.

I go, and may the gods
We fear, with blest forebodings wing my feet
Returning.

[Moina and Carril go out.]

CHORUS, A SOLDIER.

CHORUS.

Thy hasty step portends us good, thou com'st
To tell the victory of Harold?

SOLDIER.

No,
Our chief is fallen in the battle's rage;
Bravely

Bravely he fought by multitudes oppress'd,
His blows were death; at length a feather'd dart
Pierc'd his brave side, his heart's blood fol-
low'd gushing,

Death dimm'd his eyes, he feebly rais'd his arm
As if to strike again, his sinews fail'd him,
He fell—in death's last agony he grasp'd
His weapon, cold and bloody, yet he looks
The hero—

CHORUS.

So should a Saxon fall.

SOLDIER.

His faithful people
With fury rush'd around him, tore his body
From the surrounding warriors—now they
bear him

In

In mournful silence to his lofty halls,
And haste to lay him 'midst his brave forefathers.

CHORUS.

Soldier, let Moina hear the fate of Harold.

SEMI-CHORUS.

Softly strike the harp
And wake the founts of woe,
Harold falls,
His limbs are cold,
The purple stream has stain'd
His golden hair.

See at the festive board
His faithful warriors sit,
In vain they cast their eyes around
To meet their chieftain's looks;
Sorrow glooms their souls

And

And dashes from their lips
The sparkling shell.

The hunter's horn resounds;
The stout dogs leap around
And seek their chief,
No more shall Harold's voice
Be heard the woods among.

The famish'd eagle screams
And asks his wonted food,
No more shall Harold's arm
Prepare the feast of slain.

Yet not to Hela's dark abode
Our chieftain's soul is fled,
He rises on the rushing blast
And seeks Valhalla's halls.

The End of the First Act.

MOINA.

MOINA, CARRIL.

MOINA.

Welcome my Carril to thy Moina's arms,
 Now am I thine my love; th' approaching
 night
 Shall shade us flying to our native country;
 Again my aged father shall behold
 His happy daughter, and the sacred druid
 Shall hear our holy vow—The chief is fall'n.—

CARRIL.

Thou unseen power, when deep despair fur-
 rounds us,
When the black night of woe o'er shades the soul,
Sudden thou shin'st amidst surrounding horror,
The darkness flies, and keenest joy breaks in
 Upon

Upon the grief-worn mind.—The prophets
Foreboded Harold's death—

MOINA.

And 'tis accomplish'd,
Bless'd be the arm which cleav'd his hated heart—
Did she not promise safety to our flight,
And future days of joy?—tell, tell me all.

CARRIL.

My hasty steps soon reach'd the gloomy wood
I sought, and struggling thro' the thorny paths
I mark'd a craggy rock whose broken summit
Was veil'd by creeping shrubs—it's bottom
yawn'd
{ And shew'd a deep dark gulph—I fearless enter'd,
And with extended arms I trac'd my way,

K

For

For there no beam of light was seen to glimmer;
Save from pale flames by magic song enkindled;
 While thus advancing slow, a cold shrunk hand
 Caught mine, a hoarse voice thus address'd me,
 Who art thou, man, that dar'st with impious step
 Disturb my silent dwelling? Speak or perish.
 Mildly I answer'd, prophets, a stranger,
 A miserable stranger seeks thy aid;
 O tell me, I conjure thee, by thy gods,
 If Harold's doom be seal'd, if sorrowing Moina
 Shall e'er behold again her native home
 And dwell with Carril?—Hence, away, she cries,
 I know thee now,—I hate the foe of Harold;
 With that I forward rush'd, and in my arms
 Seizing the prophets, I cried aloud
 Unfeeling woman, tell me what I ask,
 Or these firm arms shall from thy feeble body
 Set loose thy stubborn soul.—My son, she said,
 Forbear, I yield, thy bravery has won me,
Approach—within my cave a new slain corse,

Borne

Borne by my spirits from the field of slaughter,
Yet bleeds, by Harold's arm this day transfix'd,
The foul is seated in Valhalla's halls,
But by my potent art I'll call it back,
 Force it to animate the bloody limbs
 And truly answer thy demands.—She spake,
 And blue light flash'd around me; I beheld
 The bleeding man—with hoarse rough voice
 the 'gan
 To sound the Runic rhyme, and singing still,
 The corse uprear'd his head and clotted hair,

To sound the Runic rhyme.] “The northern nations held *Incantations.*
their Runic verses in such reverence, that they believed
them sufficient (provided they were pronounced with
great emotion of mind) to raise the ghosts of the departed,
and that without other magical rites; especially if the
party had worked himself up into a firm persuasion, that
it would happen according to his desires.”

Five pieces of Runic poetry. p. 6.

The following is a specimen of an incantation of
 this kind:—“May the poison of serpents and noxious
flame torment you all within your ribs unless you give
me the sword,” &c.

And slowly cast his ghastly eyes around,
 Then sunk again, as if the soul had fear'd
 To animate a hateful mangl'd body;
 The prophets observ'd him, and in wrath
 She seiz'd a living snake and lash'd his limbs—
 Uprose the corse, his languid eyes he fix'd
 On me, thus speaking—Tell me, Carril, quickly,

For well I know thee, Carril, what's thy pleasure?

Dismiss me hence with speed to Odin's board.

Warrior, I said, is Harold's death decreed?—

He bleeds, he bleeds, I see him fall

On the corse-spread plain—

Send me back to halls of joy—

Yet speak, shall Moina with her Carril dwell?

E'er the setting sun shall shoot

His reddest rays across the waves

Moina's woes shall be at peace—

I go, I go to halls of joy—

He said and smiling fullenly, fell lifeless.

Then

*a ghost appears
 be a self-placed
 him at Odin's
 board is a violation
 of laws of poetic
 truth & solemnity
 under no law
 this is of Hellenic
 monism, not
 of other system
 that of the
 East & universal
 truth of the Runic
 mythology.*

Then from the cave with panting breast I hasten'd
To bear the wish'd-for tidings to my Moina.

MOINA.

Again my country's gods look down and smile
Upon our future days.—Retire, my Carril,
Instantly quit the castle and attend me
In the dark dell which borders on the wood
Some two miles off.—The followers of Harold,
Who slowly bear his body to the grave,
Are near at hand, and when the chief is laid
At peace, I'll steal unnotic'd from the walls,
And fly on love-wing'd step to Carril's arms:

[*Carril goes out.*]

Now haste, ye tardy minutes, till the dews
Of evening fall, arise ye floating clouds,
And shroud the silver moon in welcome dark-
ness—

MOINA.

MOINA, CHORUS.

CHORUS.

Lady, the foldiers bear our chieftain's body
Within our caſtle gates, the grave is ready,
The holy rites prepar'd, we wait thy preſence.

MOINA.

My preſence, venerable man, and wherefore?

CHORUS.

Know'ſt thou not then the cuſtom of our land?
The laws which ages paſt have render'd ſacred?
Know'ſt thou not, lady, with her huſband's body
The wife is buried, that in other worlds

*The wife is buried.] This cuſtom, probably borrowed
from the Scythians, is recorded in Mallet's Northern
Antiquities, Vol. I. p. 342.*

As Moina was a Celt, and but lately a priſoner, ſhe
may very well be ſuppoſed ignorant of it.

He

He still may share her fond embraces, still
May dwell with her delighted?

MOINA.

Buried, say'st thou?

CHORUS.

Buried—our laws have so decreed it, lady,
And their decrees unalterably stand:
Haste then with Harold to the courts of bliss,
Haste to the feast of gods—

MOINA.

Have pity on me—
Spare, spare my life—O save a helpless woman,
Hadst thou but offer'd death when Harold
 led me
A weeping captive from my native shore,

With

With joy I'd follow'd to the grave—but now—
 What horrors burst around me!—Curfes, curfes
 Fall on thy nation—was it not enough
 To drag me from a father's arms, to force me
All-shudd'ring to the conqueror's hated bed?
 Must the same grave receive us?—Save me,
 save me.

CHORUS.

Lady, the law must be obeyed, I cannot.

MOINA.

Where shall my tortur'd bosom turn for aid?
 Is there no arm to save, no heart to pity?

CHORUS.

Death cannot be avoided.

MOINA.

MOINA.

Carril, Carril,

Is this our promis'd joy? accurst forebodings,
And did ye raise our souls to plunge them down
To deeper bale? My father—wretched man—
Soon wilt thou meet me—soon will Carril hail
His faithful Moina in the cloudy hall
Of feeble ghosts—haste, haste ye dearly-lov'd,
God of my fathers, rise and aid my soul,
Revenge, revenge my blood—

CHORUS.

Lady, no more,

I must command obedience.

[*Leads her off.*]

L

Harold's

Harold's body is carried by his soldiers across the stage, Moina follows; the Chorus stop and sing the funeral song.

SEMI-CHORUS.

Who steps on the glittering bridge
That leads to the mansion of gods?
'Tis Harold—undaunted in fight,
He smil'd at the shivering of spears,
He fell in the clashing of arms.
Rise, Odin, rise,
See, he enters thy shining abodes
And terrible fits by thy side.

Who lifts the gold-tipt horn
Of mantling mead?
 Harold lifts the gold-tipt horn
 Of mantling mead.

Happy

Happy he who fighting falls,
Happy in the battles clangour
To feel the quivering dart.

When the hunter's spear has pierc'd
The roe-buck's mottled side,
Down from the summit of the rock
He falls, and falling dies;
His dark grey eyes for ever close,
No more he sees the grassy hill,
No more he seeks the gushing spring,
But sinks to endless night;
When Vithri drives the spear of fate
Deep in the hero's steel-clad breast,
His foul immortal mounts on high
And climbs the airy hall of gods;

Vithri.] A name of Odin.

There in Pleasure's lap he lies
'Till Surtur's flames consume the world.

SEMI-CHORUS.

*Twilight of the
 Gods.*

From the four regions of the sky
The white snow falls,
And Winter binds in thick ribb'd ice
The floating world—
Who rears the bloody hand?
A brother in his brother's heart
Has plung'd the spear;
Who rears the bloody hand?
A father in his daughter's heart
Has plung'd the spear.

From the four regions of the sky.] The Chorus here begins to describe the Ragnarockur, or Twilight of the Gods, and continues the description to the end of the Ode. Many of the circumstances introduced are to be found in Mallet, Vol. II.

Where

Where are thy beams, O sun?

Where is thy silver shield,

O moon?

The glittering stars fall from the cope of
heav'n—

Tis darkness all—the firm earth shakes,

The lofty mountains thundering rush

Upon the plains below—

Old ocean heaves his waves,

And tempests howl around.

See Fenris bursts his chain!

His eye-balls flash,

His nostrils breathe

Destructive fire.

Fenris bursts his chain.] Fenris was an enormous and
terrible wolf, at the last day he was to break his chains
and attack the gods,

From

From the Serpent's iron jaws
Floods of poison roll—
Hark—the crash of heav'n,
It cleaves, it cleaves,
Spirits of fire arise
And hurl their burning brands,
Surtur at their head,
Before him flash his dazzling arms,
Behind him flies resistless flame.

Heimdal lifts the brazen trump
And blows the blast of war,
Heaven's solid pillars shake—
Odin calls—he grasps his lance
And strikes his golden shield—

Midgard

The serpent's iron jaws.] The serpent's name was Midgard, he was twisted round the whole earth, and was destined, like Fenris, to war with the gods at the last day.

Heimdal.

Heimdal.] Heimdal was the centinel of Valhalla, and god of the sky.

Heimdal

Heimdal sounds the brazen trump—
The gods start up and seize their sparkling
arms.

Heimdal sounds the brazen trump—
Odin's heroes rush to battle,
And jarring hauberks ring.

CHORUS.

In burnish'd mail shall Harold stand,
Foremost in th' embattled ranks.
His arm shall wing the hissing dart
Nor dread the flames around;
Then shall he fighting fall again,
And sink amid the war of gods,
Amid the crush of worlds.

The Chorus proceed to the grave with Harold.

CHORUS

Moina's Bed-

CHORUS *returning.*

Dark, dark is Moina's bed,
On earth's hard lap she lies ;
Where is the beauteous form
That heroes lov'd?
Where is the rolling eye,
The ruddy cheek?
Cold, cold is Moina's bed.

And shall no lay of death,
With pleasing murmur, sooth
Her parted soul?
Shall no tear wet the grave
Where Moina lies?
 The bards shall raise the lay of death,
 The bards shall sooth her parted soul,
 And drop the tear of grief
 On Moina's grave.

The

The lily bows her head
Before the summer-gale,
The green earth kissing;
But swift the summer-gale is fled,
Again the flower uplifts her snowy crest
And drinks the air serene.—
Before the breath of woe
The soul of Moina bow'd;
It bow'd and rose no more.

High o'er its banks the rapid river swells
And flows impetuous on the plain—
The poplar meets the rushing wave
And bends its tender stem—
The waters pass,
The plant uprears its pliant trunk
And shoots aloft;
The plant uprears its verdant tufts,
And spreads its light green leaves
To meet the warmth of heav'n.

M

Before

Before the tide of woe
The foul of Moina bow'd,
It bow'd and rose no more.

Freia from Valhalla's groves
Mark'd the grief of Moina's foul
And dropp'd the golden tear,
Now she quits the groves of bliss,
And hastes to meet her favour'd child
At heaven's firm-built gates.
With her rosy hand she grasps
Moina's clay-cold palm,
Swift thro' her frame cœlestial vigour shoots,

Freia.

The golden tear.] Freia's tears were fabled to be drops of gold.

To meet her favour'd child.] "Habebat," says Keyfler, "etiam Freia palatia sua quibus defunctas excipiebat." To this palace of Freia, virgins, and wives who had died with their husbands, were admitted.

Cœlestial

Cœlestial beauty beams

In Moina's eyes.

Fair flower, no more the blast of woe

Shall shake thy tender form,

Secure in Frea's grove

Thy bloom shall fade no more.

SEMI-CHORUS.

Did'st thou not notice, e'er the grave was clos'd
On Moina, that she beckon'd to her servant
And whisper'd him? Quick in the crowd he
vanish'd.

SEMI-CHORUS.

I did, and wonder'd much what care intruding
Could for a moment draw her thoughts from
death;

M 2

'Till

'Till then in silent grief she stood, her eyes
Fast rooted on the ground.

SEMI-CHORUS.

And when the earth
Was cast upon her as we held her struggling
By Harold's side, she call'd aloud on Carril—

CHORUS, CARRIL.

CARRIL.

Who calls on Carril? speak, ye wretches, speak,
Where is my Moina?

CHORUS.

Moina is no more,
She lies by Harold's side.—

CARRIL.

CARRIL.

Inhuman monsters—
Haste, haste, and lead me to her grave, perhaps
She yet may breathe, her bosom yet—

CHORUS.

Be calm.

CARRIL.

Ye wretches lead me to the grave, once more
I'll clasp her cold cold breast, kiss her pale lips,
And perish with my Moina.

CHORUS.

With thy Moina?

CARRIL.

CARRIL.

Yes, she was mine, till thy accursed chief,
 God of my fathers, thou hast slain the robber—
 'Till thy accursed chief in sorrow dragg'd her
 To these detested walls—I am her lover—
 I am Carril—

CHORUS.

Carril!

CARRIL.

Yes, wretches, yes—
 Think not, O Moina, that thou fall'st alone;
 I haste to meet thee, Carril hastes to join
 Thy gloomy ghost; foon shall our airy forms
A mournful conference hold, ride on the blast
And hover o'er our country—there we'll trace
Thy father's steps—together will we cross

The

The well-known hills, and listen to the torrent—
The aged bards shall sing our woes by night,
We'll bend from clouds of mist and eager catch
The dying notes.—I come, I come, my love,
 With steps of speed I'll seek the rocks high
 summit
 And plunge to death below:

CHORUS OF BARDS.

When from the foe's bright spear
 The foldier trembling turns,
 When cold fear shakes his soul
 And blasts his strength,
 No more he'll hear the song of praise,
No more he'll tell his listening child

To death below.] The practice of suicide was neither
unfrequent nor dishonourable among the northern na-
tions: it was their resource in lingering diseases, in old
age, and extreme grief.

The

The bloody tale of war;

The secret vale receives

His slow and fullen steps;

He hates the warrior's eye,

He hates the maiden's look.

Then let shame his bosom fire,

Lead him to the lofty rock,

And plunge him from the airy height,

To death below.

When the hero's giant-form

With sickness droops,

When his broad and finewy arm

Shrunk and trembling fails,

When that firm breast which dar'd the dart

Lead him to the lofty rock.]—

Mirus amor populo, cum pigra incanuit ætas,

Imbellos jamdudum annos prævertere saxo.

Sil. Ital. Lib. 3.

The

The sigh of languor heaves,
 When those strong knees which rush'd to war
 Labouring sink beneath his weight,
When death has rais'd his clay-cold hand
To touch the warrior's heart,
Then let him drag his faltering limbs
To some huge rock's outstretching cliff,
And from the airy summit plunge
To death below.

When from the aged father's arms
The child is torn,
Forlorn he wanders on the heath;
His white hair waving in the wind—
Forlorn he seeks the hill
His child has trod,
And wipes the falling tear;
Anguish gnaws his heart,
And slowly drags his frame
To Hela's halls—

N

Haste,

Haste, haste and seek the lofty rock,
There from its airy summit plunge
To death below.

When o'er the stiff'ned corse
 The lover bends,
 And weeps his mistress dead,
 Now cleaving to her chilly breast,
 Now pressing to his trembling lips
 Her faded cheek ;
No more her blue eyes tell
The tender tale,
No more her silver-sounding voice
Shall murmur in his ear—
 In speechless agony he hangs upon her—
Awake, awake, and from that form belov'd
Snatch thy distracted soul,
Haste, haste and seek the lofty rock,
There from its airy summit plunge
To death below.

THE END.

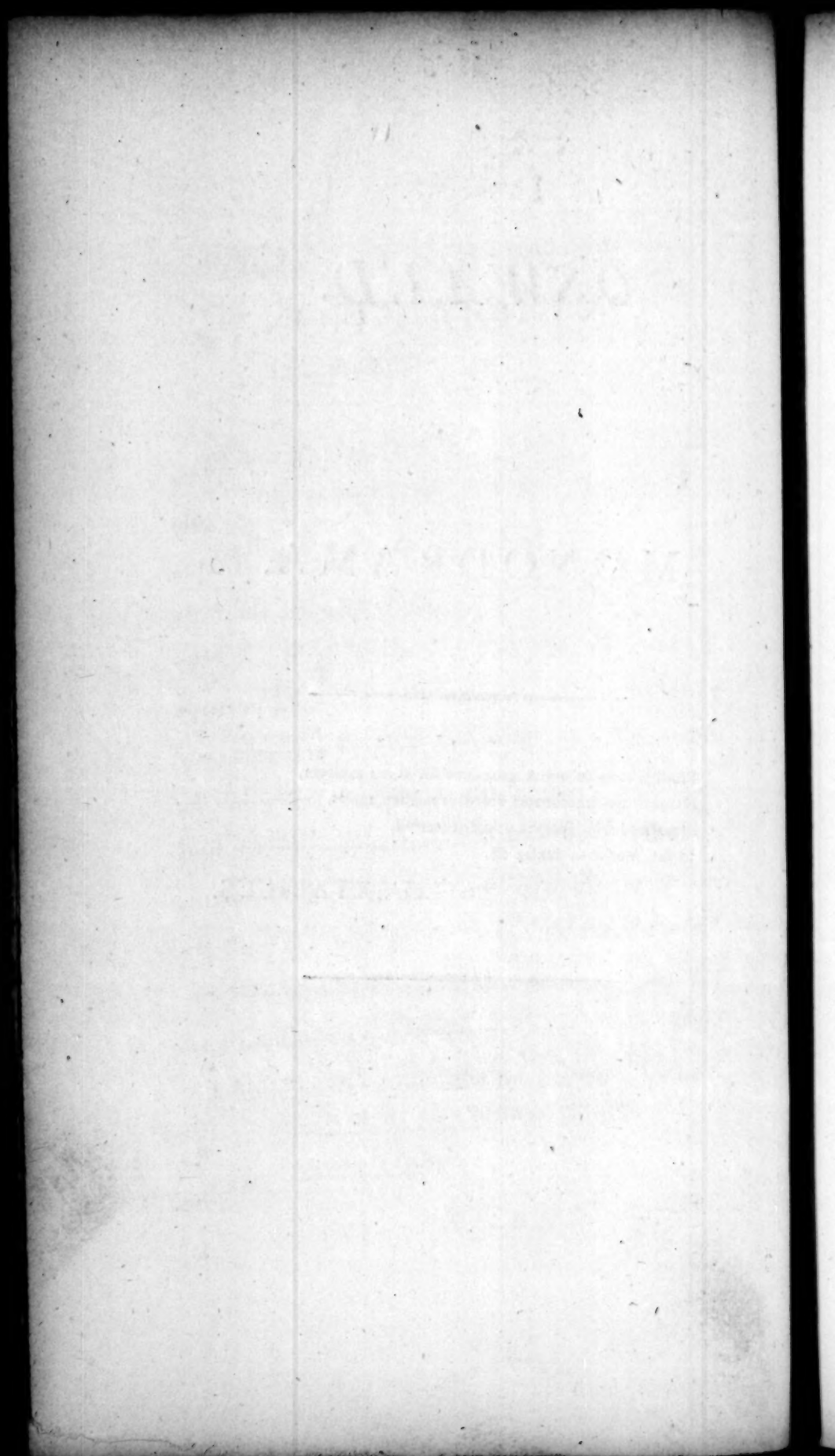
OSWALD.

A

MONODRAMA.

Prodiga gens animæ & properare facillima mortem,
Namque ubi transcendit florentes viribus annos,
Impatiens ævi, spernit novisse senectam
Et fati modus in dextra est.

SILIUS ITALICUS.



INTRODUCTION.

THE Monodrama is a species of play, which has not yet, as far as I am able to discover, been attempted by English writers: it was probably too simple to engage their attention, or they might imagine it little calculated to gratify a people who are fond perhaps to excess of the bustle of incident and intricacy of plot. Though the neglect of it cannot be considered of much importance, yet we find many of these poems among the Germans, French and Italians, which are exceedingly pleasing both in the closet and the theatre. When represented on the stage, the Monodrama is usually declaimed with intervals of musick.

The

The story of the following piece is this. Oswald, a Gothic Chieftain, oppress'd at once by old age and a painful disease, exerts his remaining strength to die in a manner which was esteemed highly honourable by his countrymen, and was also believed to entitle him to a seat in Valhalla;

OSWALD.

OSWALD.

*SCENE, an inner-room, Oswald on a couch, his
armour lying near him: rising slowly, he begins.*

HENCE, hence, ye languid groans, ye rack-
ing pangs,

That slowly drag the trembling frame of Oswald

To those accursed climes where Hela reigns

Stern on her icy throne—thou quivering arm!

Oft have I seen thee in the battle's rage

Bedew'd with red heart's blood—ye tottering
knees!

Oft

Oft have ye stood unmov'd by pressing hofs,
Oft have ye waded thro' the steaming field,
Trampling the mangled corfes of my foes;—
 Why shake ye thus?—Diseafe with poison'd
breath

My firm nerves withers—and shall Oswald then
 Sink, tamely sink to everlasting night?—
Shall feeble Age, with lingering hand, conduct him
To the bleak regions girt with stubborn frost?
And bind this warlike heart in maffy chains
Of folid ice?—what?—shall the holy bards
 Who fing my glorious deeds, thus end the fong?
 Alas! he dar'd not fnatch the joys of heaven,
 But meanly fell, the prey of age and ficknefs?
 Why have I liv'd?—shake, shake, ye palsied
 limbs—

Pant, pant, thou fainting breast, old Oswald's
 foul

Is yet untouch'd, awake, awake, it cries,
 And speed me hence to Odin's echoing halls;

Who

Who yet can boast amid his spoils of war

A trophy from my mail?—what dark-brow'd
chief

E'er yet beheld me turning from the combat?

And shall that heart, which laugh'd at fear and
danger

Yield, poorly yield, to pain?—it must not be—

While yet my hand has strength, I'll rear the
sword,

And die a soldier in my glittering arms.

Yes, 'tis decreed—my helmet, shade again

Thy master's silver locks—from thy hard fides

Oft has the gleaming spark burst forth amid

The tempest of the fight—thou steel-ribb'd
cuirs,

Come to my breast again—how many a dart

Has hiss'd across thee, which thy firm-knit
plates

Drove from my glowing heart! now loose and
yielding

O

Thou

To scorn the coward's name, to joy in battle,
 And when his warlike years have run in glory,
 Give him a happy death in fields of blood.
 My daughter too—begone, unmanly drops,
 Nor cloud my dying hour—may Frea love her,
Form her soft limbs to grace and lead her forth
The blushing prize of valour—Ah!—I faint!—
 What deadly throes deep tear me!—'tis enough—
 My strength ebbs quickly—now, thou trem-
 bling arm,
 Feel my soul's latest fire.

[*He stabs himself.*

Yes, friendly steel, thy searching point is moist
 With Oswald's blood.

[*After a pause.*

—What glorious visions rise!

I see the festive gods at Odin's board!

dedicating them to Odin: at the naming of their children
also, (~~long~~ before the introduction of Christianity) the
Goths ^{occasionally} poured water upon them.

I hear the splendid warriors' gladsome din.
 Yon golden seat is vacant—'tis for me—
 I come, I come, the gloom of death has wrapt
 My eyes in mist.—Hark, hark!—the notes of joy
 Die on my ear—and now a louder peal
 Bursts on my fluttering soul—

[*He dies.*]

THE END.

STAR NO.

A

TRAGEDY.

Φευ· φευ· τοδ' αὖ νεοχμον ἐκδοχαις

Ἐπεισφέρει θεῶ κακον—

Τρεις ὄντας ὤλεσεν.

EURIPIDES.

STAR MO.

TRAGEDY

END

INTRODUCTION.

Although it was principally my intention in writing these pieces (as I have observed in the preface) to attempt a poetical delineation of the *Gothic* mythology, yet I could not, consistently with the characters in *Moina*, avoid making some allusions to the religion of the *Celts*. The superstitions of both nations prevailed at the same period, and have frequently, though erroneously, been confounded: I have been induced therefore, in the following poem, the scene of which is laid in Britain, to confine myself as much as possible to Celtic mythology: this religion indeed by no means rivals the Gothic in magnificence, and some of its institutions and ceremonies have already been displayed in the admirable tragedy of
Caractacus;

Caractacus; yet there still appeared to me parts of it untouched, which might be brought forward in dramatic poetry with tolerable effect.

The story of the following tragedy is fictitious, but I hope not entirely inconsistent with the manners and customs of the Celtic people. It is written on the Greek model, and the odes are without rime.

ON RATS

PERSONS OF THE PLAY

1st. *St. John* }
2nd. *St. John* }
3rd. *St. John* }
4th. *St. John* }

5th. *St. John* }
6th. *St. John* }
7th. *St. John* }

8th. *St. John* }
9th. *St. John* }
10th. *St. John* }

11th. *St. John* }
12th. *St. John* }
13th. *St. John* }

14th. *St. John* }
15th. *St. John* }
16th. *St. John* }

17th. *St. John* }
18th. *St. John* }
19th. *St. John* }

20th. *St. John* }
21st. *St. John* }
22nd. *St. John* }

PERSONS OF THE PLAY.

STARNO, }
DAURA, } Britons.

KELRIC, a Saxon.

Chorus of Druids.

STARNO.

SCENE. A wood and an altar ; a distant prospect of Starno's castle.

CHORUS.

SEMI-CHORUS:

IN the dark covert of these sacred shades
I wait with restless trembling expectation
The joyful tidings of our chieftain's conquest ;
No

CHORUS.] Cæsar has given us a very compleat account of the Druids ; De Bello Gallico, Lib. 6. They had established a most despotic hierarchy, both in Gaul
P 2 and

No more the voice of woe shall chill our hearts,
 No more the flying Briton here shall haste
 With fear-wing'd step to hide his fainting limbs,
 And tell the hateful tale of slaughter'd friends—
 Soon, soon the shout of victory shall burst
 Upon our hallow'd groves; in Starno's breast
The soul of Hesus breathes, to Starno's arm

and Britain: they were at once the teachers of youth,
the distributors of justice, and the ministers of religion:
those who attempted to resist their decrees were instantly
crushed by a sentence of excommunication, which ba-
nished them from public sacrifices, stripped them of their
dignities, deprived them of their civil rights, and held
them up as contagious and impious wretches to be shun'd
and detested by society.

Soon soon the shout of victory.] The Druids attributed to
themselves a knowledge of futurity: this custom of
propheying, particularly with respect to battles, appears
to have been preserved by their successors among the
Welch to the time of Henry VII.

Hesus

Hesus.] Hesus was the Celtic god of war.

He

He gives resistless strength, his glaring eyes
Shoot forth destructive fire—well pleas'd to hear
Our chieftain's holy vow, the god of battles
Stalks by his side amid the glittering ranks,
And wields his massy sword to strike for Britain.

SEMI-CHORUS.

Yes, holy man, the fearless soul of Starno
Shall glut its vengeance in the gushing blood
Of foes; but still the image of his child
Will haunt his gloomy mind, will gnaw his
heart,
And e'en amid the shout of thronging warriors
The father still shall heave the frequent sigh;

Our chieftain's holy vow.] That the Druids esteemed the sacrifice of living men to be peculiarly acceptable to some of their gods is supported by the best authorities: the unfortunate victims were devoted to these deities, either before or after the battle.

O may

O may some happy hour again restore
The blooming Daura to his eager arms,
And chase the night of woe which shades his
foul!

CHORUS, A SOLDIER.

Ye sacred men, I come with speedy step
To tell the well-earn'd victory of Starno,
Strike strike your golden harps and raise the
song

Of joy, your chief is stain'd with Saxon blood:
Long did the battle rage, the clanging shields
Re-echoed loud, the swiftly darting steel
With sparkling fragments strew'd the smoking
earth,

And clouds of arrows hurtled in the air—
Then in the thickest ranks was Starno seen
Strong as a god he wing'd his bickering blade,
And spread the gory field with mangled foes.

The

The groans of death, the Britons joyful shout
Mix in the troubl'd sky—the Saxons trembled—
They fled the murdering spear.

CHORUS.

Haste, haste, and with your glittering axes fell
The waving branches of the sacred oak,
And twine the dark-green wreath of victory.

SOLDIER.

Yet hear—our foldiers scarce had turn'd the
Saxons

When on the plain we spied a youthful warrior
Spurring his steed to reach the British camp,
With him a woman fled—we quickly lost them
Conceal'd behind our tents—when tir'd with
slaughter

Our conquering chief return'd, his darling child
Rush'd

Rush'd from the camp to meet him—Daura's
charms

Had won the Saxon chieftain's blooming son
To bear her back to Starno's aching heart,
And yield himself a willing captive with her.

CHORUS.

This was beyond our hopes—but see they come.

CHORUS, STARNO, DAURA, KELRIC.

Ode to Hesus—

CHORUS.

Hail, Hesus, hail,
By thee inspir'd,
The mailed warrior dauntless braves
The finging spear and biting blade—
Hail, Hesus, hail,
I see thee climb
Thy scythed car

And

And drive the furious steeds

Amid the falling foe.

Who dares to meet thine eyes of flame?

Who dares to brave thy falchion's edge

The thunder-bolt of war?

Death hovers round thy stately crest

And poised spear,

While pale-ey'd Fear bestrides the blast

And fails before thy car.

Raise aloft, Andate, raise

Thy golden shield—

Loudly strike its echoing brim

And wake the sound of victory—

From the purple field it comes

To pierce our holy groves—

Rude it rushes thro' the shade,

The roaring rocks return

The joyful noise ;

Andate.] Andate was the goddess of victory.

Andate

Q

The

The warrior hears—he shouts aloud
And clangs his sounding arms.

STARNO.

Ye venerable men, nor songs of triumph,
Nor fond endearments of a long-lost child
Force from my shuddering mind the bloody vow
These hallow'd groves have heard—the noblest
captive
Is solemnly devoted to the god.

DAURA.

The noblest captive?—

DRUID.

Yes, lady, and the god demands his right,
Our prayers were heard, he rais'd the arm of
conquest.

DAURA.

DAURA.

My fearful soul beholds the gathering woe
Which hastes to overwhelm me. Father, father,
Why do you cast your mournful eyes on Kelric?
Is he the noblest captive?—doom'd to death?—
Away, away, who dares to touch my Kelric?
Who dares to touch that Kelric who restor'd
His long-lost daughter to her father's arms?
That Kelric who entic'd by Daura's words
Has quitted all for her?

CHORUS.

Fair lady, peace,
Hefus demands the blood we vow'd to him.

Q 2

KELRIC.

KELRIC.

Nor can the victim 'scape : the time was once ,
 When warlike Kelric would have smil'd at death ;
 Oft have I rush'd amid th' embattled host,
 Nor fear'd the deadly dart, but now my soul
 Shrinks back with horror from the threatned blow
 Which parts me from my love,

DAURA.

No, Kelric, no,
 Thou shalt not fall—who urg'd thy hasty steps
 To seek the Briton's camp? who won thy mind
 To scorn the dearest ties of friends and country?
 Who spurr'd thee on to death? 'twas Daura's
 self,

'Twas Daura's soothing accents led her Kelric
To these detested groves—why sleep thy gods?

Why

Why does the lightning linger to destroy
This fatal shrine? Arise, ye murderous priests,
 Here plunge the holy knife: my dying pangs
 Shall please the grievous god—save, save my
 Kelric.

Heir

STARNO.

Alas! my child, the tempest of destruction
 Breaks terrible around us: would these lips
 Had clos'd for ever e'er the fatal vow
 Burst rashly forth—why, Hesus, did the dart
Avoid my breast? why didst thou turn the
spear
From Starno's helm?—had Saxons over-
whelm'd me
And plung'd their thirsty weapons in my heart,
Then had I 'scap'd thy hated gift of conquest,
And falling thank'd thee for a death of glory.

CHORUS.

CHORUS.

We see, with pity see, the cruel pangs
Which rack the soul of Daura, and thy woes,
O chief, are great; yet to the aiding god
Obedient let us bend.

STARNO.

My child, my child,
The dews of death are o'er her—see, she faints,
Retire, my Daura, piercing sorrow shakes
Thy tender form—no, no, thou shalt not perish—
Suspend the rites, ye priests, and wait my
orders.

[Starno and Kelric go out.]

CHORUS.

CHORUS.

Mark how the thickening tempest shades

The sacred wood;

The god of battle frowns—

What guilty wretch shall dare

To snatch thy prey?

Fear shall damp his fainting heart,

Fear shall wing his coward steps

Amid the clash of war.

What guilty wretch shall dare

To snatch thy prey?

No more the soldier's shout

Shall fire his soul,

And vainly mid the ranks

His slacken'd arm shall rear

The trembling blade.

What guilty wretch shall dare

To snatch thy prey?

Soon

Soon shall his wasted frame
Be tost by blasts,
Nor join the hero-race
Who rouse the air-form'd deer,
And bend the misty bow,
And guide their steeds of cloud :
High o'er the pine-capt heath.
He'll wing his lonely way,
And kindred ghosts shall shun
His hated haunts.

The end of the First Act.

Nor join the hero-race.] That the departed enjoyed in their world of air the sports they pursued on earth, that their dwellings, arms, and animals were formed of clouds, is a doctrine which is chiefly supported by the works of Ossian : it disagrees with the Druidical opinions of a future state as delivered by Cæsar. He says that they taught "non interire animos, sed ab aliis post mortem transire in alios."

SCENE.

*SCENE. A part of the wood at a small distance
from the altar.*

DAURA.

Ye once-lov'd halls! where oft I've heedless
stray'd
Cheer'd by a mother's smile, where oft my heart
Has leapt at sounds of joy, which echoed loud
Amid your vaulted domes—Ye once-lov'd halls!
Where from my father's limbs I oft have pluck'd
The dinted mail of fight, and silent thank'd
The god who sav'd him in the hour of peril—
Ye scenes of past delight—ah! how I hate you!
Bought with the price of blood, the blood
of him

I hold most dear—now, now, methinks, I see
The fatal knife uprear'd—this hand shall—no,

[Starno and Kelrick enter.]

He lives, he lives, my father yet has spar'd

R

His

His daughter's life—If thou hast ever joy'd
To see me climbing round thy weary limbs,
If thou hast ever wept for Daura lost,
Save him who fav'd thy child, his life is
 twin'd

With mine, and one blow slabs us both.—O
 hear me—

By all thy fondness for my infant prattle,
By all the love my riper years have shewn thee,
By my dead mother's shade—

STARNO.

He shall not die.

DAURA.

Eternal joy await thee.—Come, my father,
 Come, let me press thee to my fluttering breast—
 Kelric is mine.

STARNO.

STARNO.

Yes, Daura, let the priests
With other victims glut their thirst of gore:
A milk-white bull shall stain the gloomy altar,
An offering for the captive.

DAURA.

This torn heart
O'erpower'd sinks beneath me—
[She goes out.]

STARNO, KELRIC, CHORUS.

CHORUS.

Chieftain, already is the clouded fun
Verg'd to the sea, and e'er the dews of night
Fall on us, Hefus asks the promis'd victim.

R 2

STARNO.

STARNO.

He shall not bleed.

CHORUS.

Not bleed?—Beware, O chief,
 Beware the wrath of gods—the sure revenge
 Of Hesus threatens thee.—Look round, thy
 people
 In thousands fell before the Saxons' spear,
And scarcely half thy nation lives to hail thee.
 What?—when the favouring god himself stepped
 forth
 And rear'd the sword of conquest, wilt thou
 spare
 The captive's life, nor heed the dreadful vow
 Which calls down endless horrors on thy head,
 If unaccomplish'd?

STARNO.

STARNO.

Let these horrors fall;

I save my child, I save her brave deliverer ;
Fir'd with success, the courage of my tribes
No more shall flag—their swords shall—

CHORUS.

Daring man!

The nervous arm is frail when cow'd by guilt :
The proudest strength is tame, when heav'n
frowns on it.

This is not all—if thy inhuman heart
Thus mocks a people's woes, their pious zeal
May doom e'en thee their chieftain to de-
struction ;

Or to the flighted altar drag relentless
E'en Daura's self.

STARNO.

STARNO.

And when ye lift the knife
 She falls with Kelric. Hence, ye slaughtering
 priests,
 My soul is firmly fix'd.

CHORUS.

Yet hear again :
 And if thou fear'st not heav'n, yet dread our
 power ;
 Soon shall our lips pronounce the just decree
 Thy crime deserves.—Ne'er by the altar more
 Thy foot accurs'd shall stand ; no more thy clan
 Shall know their chief ; no more thy martial
 bands
 Shall close around thee ; thro' thy empty halls

The just decree.] See. p. 118, Note.

The

The wind shall howl, no festive song shall cheer
A wretched outcast; not thy daughter's self
Shall call thee father—

KELRIC.

Lead me to your groves
A willing victim—Starno's manly soul
Shall view me scoffing at the pangs of death.

STARNO.

Yet stop, and let my future days be mark'd
With ceaseless grief—or let the angry priests
Force me to death, still, still my child is safe
And Kelric lives her husband.

KELRIC.

Kelric live?

A Saxon shrinks from life so basely gain'd;
The warring bands would scorn to fight beside me,
The

The bard would fear to name me in his song,
 And when I gaz'd upon thy beauteous daughter,
 Dear as she is, her father's image then
 Would blast my joys. Lead on, ye holy men,
 I hear no more—

[*Kelric, Starno, and part of
 the Chorus go out.*]

SEMI-CHORUS.

God of the shining day,
Whose brow the blazing fillet binds
Which flames athwart the sky,
 And scatters liquid light,
 Belinus, in yon beamy tract,
 Did e'er thy piercing eye behold
 A scene of blacker woe?

Belinus. *Belinus.]* Belinus was the god of the sun, the Apollo
of the Celts.

Yet

Yet let not mortal voice accuse

The will of gods;

Nor ask the swelling storm-peals why they

found,

Or vainly bid the heavens

Inwrap their fatal fire.

Aloft in murky air

Teutates

Teutates rides,

And aims his pointed shaft:

They who fearless stemm'd

The rapid tide of war,

Before him bow their crested helm,

And drop the gory spear.

They whose haughty souls

Exult with sinful joy,

Before him bow their lofty head,

And keener feel his dart—

*Teutates.] Teutates was a malicious god of the Celts
to whom they sacrificed human victims.*

S

Resistless

Refuseless power,
Avert thy rage
From Britain's shore;
Sink in thy fable clouds;
And wing the fearful storm
To other climes.

The end of the Second Act.

SCENE, the wood and the altar.

CHORUS, STARNO, KELRIC.

STARNO.

Ye venerable men, with grief I lead
The destin'd offering to the unhewn altar.
Is all prepar'd?

CHORUS.

It is, the white rob'd priests
Have borne in snowy vests the mistletoe
Cut with their golden sickles from the wood
With solemn rites they've pluck'd the creeping
vervain,
And with bent knee on Hefus' altar laid it;
Around the pile is clos'd the mystic ring
Of virgins, priests, and vigorous warriors.

S 2

CHORUS.

CHORUS, STARNO, KELRIC, DAURA.

DAURA.

Before the lifted knife has reach'd his heart,
 I come to take a last farewell of Kelric—
 Turn not, unhappy youth, the eyes of love
 On Daura's form;—frown, frown—thine angry
 glance
 Shall swift destroy me—ah!—it will not be—
 Why does my wretched spirit linger yet?—
 Haste to the floating clouds, and wing thy way
 To meet the ghost of Kelric:

KELRIC.

Daura, Daura—

My firm nerves shake again, thy much lov'd
 voice

Again unmans me, that all-beauteous shape

Adds

Adds double horror to the deadly blow—
 Why dost thou come to melt my aching breast
 And sink my sickly soul?—farewell, my love,
 Remember Kelric, let his mournful image
 Cleave to thy heart, and when the shades of
 death
 Shall dim those tearful eyes, then haste with joy
 To meet his fond embrace in Odin's hall.

DAURA.

Hark—'tis a horrid voice which shrieks—it cries
 Who murder'd Kelric?—Daura, wretched Daura
 Has pierc'd her lover's heart—enough—I go—
 Farewell—farewell—we soon shall meet, my
 love—

Again it cries—Daura has murder'd Kelric—
 Hence, hated sound—
 See, see a ghastly vision rises on me.
 He bleeds, he bleeds—I mark his waving hand—

[Goes out.

KELRIC.

KELRIC.

Delay no more, ye priests.

CHORUS.

Loudly strike the golden harp,
While echo from a thousand rocks
Repeats the solemn strains—
 Hasten, hasten, thou dreadful god
 And hover on the blast
 Which bows the rustling wood
 Around thy shrine—
 Hasten and quit the field of spears,
 In blood-stain'd arms attend
 Our holy rites.

When on the mountain's side
The prowling wolf discerns
The bleating flock

Swift,

Swift, swift he springs to carnage,
And bathes his shaggy sides
In gushing blood.

When in his airy course
The famish'd vulture hears
The dying groan,
The dying groan revives
His weaken'd frame,
He stops his rapid flight
And feasts his hungry eyes
With human gore ;
Thus does the warlike god delight
To view the purple flood;
And grateful to his ears
The shrieks of slaughter rise ;
Then let us lift the fatal knife
And in the victim's blood
Its shining point imbrue.

WARRIORS.

WARRIORS.

Raife the purple banners high,
 Rear aloft the bossy shield
 And shake the shining spear.
Hefus spies the gleam of arms
And hastes to join the fight;
 Now he fires the warrior's soul
 And speeds the forked dart;
Now by the hero's side
He mounts the creaking car,
And palen'd hosts retreat.
 Long may his desolating arm
 Defend the British bands;
 Long may the Saxon fear his rage
 And view with ghastly look
 The lightning of his eye;
 Then lift, ye priests, the fatal knife,
 And in the victim's blood
 Its shining point imbrue.

VIRGINS.

VIRGINS:

Awake the tuneful voice,
And call with soothing sounds
The god of war.

See in the glittering ranks

A father stands,

He lifts his straining arm

To save his child—

Rise, Hefus, rise,

And cast thy full-orb'd shield

Around his aged limbs—

Turn from his side the deadly dart

And send him back with victory.

See in the glittering ranks

A husband stands,

His fair wife moans

T

Her

Her absent lord.

Now to her arms she takes

Her blooming boy,

And prints the tender kifs.

Now fondly gazes on his limbs,

And in his infant features sees

His father's face—

The distant shout is heard—the fearful turns—

Her cheek is pale,

And cloſer to her heart ſhe hugs

The lovely child.

Riſe, Heſus, riſe,

And caſt thy full-orb'd ſhield

Around her warrior's breaſt,

Turn from his ſide the deadly dart

And ſend him back with victory:

See in the glittering ranks

A lover ſtands;

The mournful maid he loves

With

With fullen step retires
To thickest shades,
There with her absent warrior's form
She feasts her gloomy soul—
Now she sees his manly frame
Stretch'd upon the purple plain;
She shrieks aloud, and, starting, flies
The horrid image, fancy-rais'd—
Now in the passing gale
She hears his conquering tread;
And hastes to twine the oaken wreath
To deck her lover's brow—
Joy sparkles in her eyes,
But yet one lingering tear descends
And dews the shining leaves—
Rise, Hefus, rise,
And cast thy full-orb'd shield
Around her warrior's heart,
Turn from his side the deadly dart
And send him back with victory.
 And you, ye holy priests,

Uplift the fatal knife,
And in the victim's blood
Its shining point imbrue.

STARNO.

Hail, Hefus, hail,
To thee we pour
The consecrated blood—

MESSENGER.

Stop, stop your holy rites, I come to tell
A melancholy tale—with faltering step
Fair Daura left these shades, she reach'd at length
The castle-walls, and weeping fought her
chamber:
Sudden her servants heard the groans of death
Which issued from the room—they rush'd to
save her—

In

In vain they rush'd—her hands were stain'd
with blood

And on her couch she lay a breathless corse.

[Starno retires.]

KELRIC.

Strike, strike, ye lingering priests—the bled for
me—

My breast is bare—

[The priest at the altar stabs him.]

Daura, we haste to mix with happy gods—

We haste to wander in Valhalla's groves,

Where endless rapture gilds the winged hours—

Odin, receive my fainting soul, and ope

The doors of heaven—

[Dies.]

CHORUS.

CHORUS.

Retire thou golden sun,
 And shroud thy ruddy orb
 In swarthy night,
 Ye dreary shades resound
 With horrid wailings,
Let the death-owl's cry
Float thro' the sacred wood;
 For Daura falls,
 And Kelric's gushing blood
 Stains the green earth.—
'Tis not in mortal mould confin'd
That deathless souls shall share
Unmingled bliss—
Beneath the blushing rose
The thorn is hid,
Beneath the flowery bank
The serpent lurks unseen,
And oft the cup of joy

Is dregg'd with bitter woe.

The azure sky is calm,

The gale soft whispers in the bending trees,

The glassy lake reflects

The verdant shrubs around—

But soon the troubled air is gloom'd

With pitchy clouds,

Fell Taranis descends;

Taranis

The deep-ton'd thunder roars

And searing lightnings fly;

The angry spirit of the lake

Dashes his dark-blue waves

And rides in foam:

Taranis.] Taranis was the god of Thunder: human sacrifices were offered to him.

*The End of the Dramatic Sketches of Northern
Mythology.*

Is dazed with bitter work.

The azure fly is calm.

The gale fell without in the bending trees.

The glazy lake reflects

The verdant foliage around.

But soon the trouble in a shadow

With mimicry dreads

Full of the world's

The decision of the world

And leaving the world

The last of the world

Defines his life in blue water

And rises in foam

Tennis] Tennis with the god of Tennis
crises were offered to him.

The End of the Durable Shells of Nature

History

MISCELLANEOUS

POEMS.

MISCELLANEOUS

POEMS.

PANDORA.

A

MONODRAMA.

His dedit — Jam signa ruendi
Natura timet. — confusaque rursus

CLAUDIAN.

PANDORA

MONODRAMA

CLAUDE

PANDORA.

Pandora passing from Heaven to Earth.

How my heart throbs with joy—a hand
divine

Has form'd these finish'd limbs, celestial fire
Darts thro' my veins, the choicest gifts of gods
Are pour'd upon me—can I e'er forget
Their splendid council in the flame-tipt clouds,
When first from Vulcan's touch I sprang to life,
And dazzled shrunk before their blaze of
glory?

Aloft

Aloft on golden throne great Jove was feated,
 O'er his broad front the cluftering trefles fell
 And mildly beam'd his eyes—arife, ye gods,
 His awful voice exclaim'd, arife and fhed
 Your richeft blessings on Pandora's form;
 He fpake, majestic from his fide arofe
 The queen of heaven, around thy fteps, ſhe
 cried,

Shall float a ftately grace—with rofes crown'd
The laughter-loving Venus next advanc'd
Light as the ſummer breeze, and ſmiling ſaid
 O'er thy fair cheeks I caſt a crimſon tint,
 Thy melting eyes ſhall ſwim in ſofteſt luſtre,
 Thy ſwelling breſts be moulded to the form
 Of Hebe's cup, be white as drifted ſnow—
And while ſhe ſpake, a thouſand odours roſe,
A thouſand ſportive loves brisk fluttering round
Fann'd the warm air—The god with golden locks
Then came—be eloquent as fair, he cried,
For what avails the radiance of thine eyes

The

The blossoms of thy cheeks, if honied words

Dwell not upon those lips, Thy speech shall fall

Soft as the dews of eve ; then circling gods

Prest on me to bestow their varied honours ;

Enough, cried Jove, she's perfect—take this

casket

Fast bound in glittering ribs, and bear it hence

To where Prometheus 'bides—beware, O

nymph,

To ope its silver clasps—I bow'd obedient—

This casket!—is Prometheus then so lov'd?

Daring Prometheus?—from the fiery cope

He stole forbidden flames—the vulture tore

His bleeding heart—and do the gods reward

him?

To him they doom Pandora, doom to him

The rare device this adamant enfolds—

Why is it thus?—what enviable gift

Is here contain'd?—not look at it!—O Jove,

Where was the goddess of the tinted arch

Thy

Thy wonted messenger?—why, to my hands
 Consign the prize?—perchance the god was
 sportive

And wish'd to try me—'tis an empty casket—
 Or if 'tis not, its secret store perhaps
 Would prove to me a bane—I'll think no
 more on't—

How broad the way, 'tis trac'd with milky light—
Lo! there's the earth, it floats in circling air,
Its towering hills are tipt with steady light,
In yon dark shades the billowy waters lurk,
Once huge and shapeless, now a viewless mind
Has mov'd its jarring atoms, rang'd its forms,
And o'er its fertile surface scatter'd wide,
The glow of life—ah, how I long to stray
Amid its flowery vales—there quiet dwells—
 No more the giant-arms high heap the moun-
 tains

To reach this starry bridge, no more the light-
 nings

Flash

Flash horribly around—all, all is peace—

I soon shall reach it—how the fam'd Prome-
theus

Will gaze enamour'd on my youthful charms.

What?—can Jove send him too a nobler gift
Than fair Pandora?—sure the casket holds
Ambrosial food—that makes the gods immortal—
Would I could taste it—nay, 'tis poison rather—
O deep revenge! and thus to snatch Prome-
theus

Delighted from my arms—it cannot be—

Jove bade me bless the earth, he bade me rear
A blooming offspring—would he slay my hus-
band?—

Ah were it thus?—I'll ope it—shall I thwart
The dread commands of heaven?—some dire
distress

Would fall upon me—Think what dreadful
woes

Prometheus suffered—think what endless pangs

X

Torment

Torment the Titans—theirs were crimes indeed—
 But what is this?—Among the other gods
 I well remember Mars; he cast upon me
 A furious look, he bold, he cried, O maid
 Be bold above thy sex—and now's the time—
 O'er the vast sky a solemn silence broods,
 No eye beholds me, I've already past
The monsters of the air, the fiery archer,
The flaming goat, the writhing serpent's folds;
 Whate'er the casket holds it cannot 'scape me—
 What if it 'scapes, and Jove should know my
 guilt?

Sure this all-perfect form, these smiles of love,
The touching accents of my rosy lips
May win forgiveness from the thunderer's self—
 Yes, yes, the god expects my disobedience—
 I tremble still—assist me Mars—'tis done.

[*Opening the casket.*

What!—empty!—empty!—yet methought a
 wind

As

As of a thousand rushing wings blew swift
 Athwart my face—ah me! what grieved forms
 Float in the air—see, see, they horrid smile
 And mocking point at me—speak, speak, who
 are ye?

[A voice from the air.]

Thanks to her who gave us birth
Eager failing to the earth,
We haste to act the deeds of woe
And prey on all that breathes below.

PANDORA.

Ah me! who are ye? wretched, wretched woman!

[The voice continues.]

Bloody Strife, and gnawing Care,
Pride and Hatred and Despair
Hover o'er thee in the air,
We haste to act the deeds of woe
And prey on all that breathes below.

PANDORA.

PANDORA.

What have I done?—hush, hush, a softer sound!

[*Another voice from the air.*

Hear, thou luckless maiden, hear,
 Cease thy sorrow, cease thy fear,
Tho' yon grim troop on mortal shore
Haste the tide of grief to pour,
Hope shall join the gloomy throng,
Hope shall breathe her soothing song,
And bending o'er the wounded heart
Gently steal the poison'd dart,
 Hope shall bid the tempest cease
 And whisper future hours of peace.

ODE

ODE TO AURORA*.

BRIGHT is the eastern sky—Aurora mounts
In car dew-dropping, round her snowy breast
The rosy radiance plays
And sparkles o'er the deep.

Hence, dreary darkness, to the caves of death,
Hence, ye fell ghosts, whose fearful shapes have
fail'd
Across my lonely couch,
When blackest midnight reign'd.

* Chiefly translated from the Autholog. Lond. 1684.
p. 132.

Bring

Bring me the lyre, and while I strike the chords
Strew odorous flowers around—hail! goddess,
hail!

Hail to the living ray
Which gilds the dusky earth!

For thee the purple violet breathes its sweets,
For thee the streaked blossoms fragrant bud,
And balmy breezes waft
Their grateful scents around;

Nor scorn the suppliant Muse's song of praise,
Whose notes of thrilling sound have floated oft
Athwart the dark-blue sky,
And charm'd the listening gods;

But who, O goddess fairest of thy race,
Who, beauteous mother of the shining day,
Can praise in equal strains
Thy form of heavenly mould?

Before

Before those blushing cheeks, those glittering
locks

The yellow-twinkling stars abash'd retreat,

The fading moon retires

And shuns thy splendid step;

From shades of gloomy night thy beams awak'd

The mortal race, wide-shooting o'er the land

They dy'd with varied light

The many-tinted flowers;

Thou, goddess, from the languid closed eye,

Driv'st heavy sleep, the hated kin of death,

And active man again

Pursues his wonted joys.

The traveller starts, and briskly plies his steps,

The ploughman drives his vigorous team afield,

The jocund shepherd's care

Swift hastens to the plain.

The

The buskin'd goddess and her fleet-limb'd nymphs
 O'er the moist lawn swift chase the reeking stag,
 And cheer the panting hounds,
 With loud and joyful shout.

To some the dull still hours of night are dear,
To me the chearful day, fair queen of morn,
O give me oft to view
Thy purple-streaming light.

EPIGRAM.

EPIGRAM

ON A SWALLOW BEARING A GRASSHOPPER
TO HER YOUNG *.

AH, Attic maid, who from the scented flower
Drink'st honied juice! ah, minstrel! dost thou bear
To feast the callow younglings of thy bower
The brisk and gaily-chirping grasshopper?

What? shall the songster seize a vocal prey?
The winged seek the winged for her food?
The stranger snatch her fellow-guest away?
The child of summer tear the summer-brood?

Do'st thou not drop him?—oh, 'tis cruel, base,
When poets suffer by the poet-race.

* Translated from the Greek.

A WAR-SONG*.

Fingal, furrounded by a numerous army of the enemy in a valley from which he had no prospect of escape, unexpectedly perceived on the tops of the mountains the troops of his friends advancing to his relief: at this period the song begins.

HIGH o'er the hills the banners wave in air;
 A band of heroes stalk in armed pride;
 With Erin's gold the shining streamers glare;
 Revenge, revenge, the starting Fingal cried,

* This song was translated *literally* from the Gaelic by a native of the Highlands of Scotland, and was given in incorrect prose to the author of these poems.

Lo!

Lo! their glittering flags I spy
The brown-curl'd sons of victory;
Now the boaster's pride is low—
Deeply strike th' avenging blow.

'Tis Dermot's colt!—he breathes dismay,
Strong-arm'd warriors, feast no more—
Dermot's banners foremost play
When the streams of battle roar;
Now the boaster's pride is low—
Deeply strike th' avenging blow.

See!—the gore-stain'd eagle rose,
Fierce the host that Chialt leads
Scattering heads of flying foes
Bloody thro' the fight he speeds;
Now the boaster's pride is low,
Deeply strike th' avenging blow.

Who is next?—the dark-brow'd king
 Drifting heaper of the slain,
 When the thickening weapons ring,
 Last shall Oscar's hand refrain;
 Now the boaster's pride is low—
 Deeply strike th' avenging blow.

Lo! the son of Morni's near,
 When the hosts of fight are mix'd,
 When the green earth quakes for fear,
 Firm his nervous foot is fix'd;
 Now the boaster's pride is low—
 Deeply strike th' avenging blow.

Enough, enough, too much for thee,
 On the dark-brown hills I see,
 They come, they come, the warlike trains
 Drag nine weighty golden chains,
 Nine hundred heroes at their head—
 I see the gazing foe a-dread.

Before

Before the hissing spear they flee
As wreck along the dashing sea;
Shouts of warriors rend the skies,
Battle smiles—arise, arise—
Now the boaster's pride is low—
Deeply strike the avenging blow.

SIR

SIR EGWIN*.

A BALLAD.

YE wives and gentle maidens hear
My ditty footh and fad,
How stern Sir Egwin wrought the dole
Of her who stain'd his bed.

In days of yore, when wedded dames
Were thrifty, kind and chaste,
A knight from far was travelling
To Cramelot in haste.

* The ballad of Stolberg is followed in this piece: the story is elsewhere to be found.

Loud

Loud howl'd the storm—his steed was tir'd—

He spy'd a castle nigh,

The tempest whistled through the courts

And swang the elms so high.

Cold blew the blast—with chattering teeth

And frozen limbs he waits,

And knocks and knocks—the torches flare,

And vassals ope the gates.

And then Sir Egwin's self came forth

And said "be welcome, knight,

Thy hand is numb, with snowy flakes

Thy hair and beard are white;"

The bugles found—up winding stairs

He leads his shivering guest,

They reach at length a vaulted hall,

With shining armour drest ;

And

And there upon the oaken board
 The sumptuous meal is plac'd,
 The silver cups go swiftly round
 With wines of rarest taste ;

When lo ! a door did sudden creak,
 A woman, stepping flow,
 Drew near, in swarthy weedsyclad,
 And bent with silent woe.

Nor gold nor gems were on her garb,
 Her head was closely shorn,
Her face was pale, yet fair to see
As whitening moon at morn.

The stranger trembled, from his hand
 The lifted bumper fell,
 He ween'd some groaning ghost of night
 Was wandering from its cell.

She

She sat her by the table-side
 And ate of coarsest bread,
 Then rang a bell—the vassal comes—
 She looks, and bows her head.

Already to her faded lips
 A ghastly scull he bears,
 She drank the glittering water out
 While mingling with her tears,

Then rose and went—“ Ah, wherefore thus
 Torment a dame so mild?”
 The stranger cries “ Alas how fair,
 And patient as a child!”

“ Yes, fair she is,” the host replies,
 “ Her smiles were all my bliss,
 Oft her soft voice has cheer’d my soul,
 Nor deem’d I aught amiss.

Z

This

She's false as fair—ah who can read

A woman's traitorous heart?

Another youth has shar'd her love—

Hah—stranger, dost thou start?—

Returning from the well-fought field,

Too plain I saw her guilt,

Her leman with'd him at my feet,

This sword his blood has spilt.

Then slay me too, the harlot cried,

And so revenge the deed,

I kiss the steel—I join my love—

Oh haste and let me bleed.

But of her guilty soul I thought

And of the pains of hell,

And tho' the hated act inflam'd,

My breast with fury fell,

Ah,

Ah, wretch, I'll work thy bale, I said,
 But still thy life I spare,
 I'll save thy soul from endless woe,
 I doom thy days to prayer.

And then her curling locks were shorn,
 Her gaudy dress was doff,
 In dingy trappings she was veil'd,
 And e'en her tears I scold.

Come boldly follow me and see,
 Where now she bides to weep;"

He leads the stranger by the hand
 Down the dark staircase steep.

"What?—is't a tomb?" exclaims the guest
 "Dost fear?" Sir Egwin cries,
 "Hush—hush—from yonder door I hear
 The notes of sorrow rise.

This is the place"—a rattling bar
 Gave way—upon the floor
 They saw an open Psalm-book lay,
 On which her tears did pour.

" Ah woe is me! the Knight calls out,
 " How hard her hapless fate!"
 Then turn'd—a headless skeleton
 He spies behind a grate.

" This is the man" quoth Egwin fierce,
 Who lur'd her from my arms,
 This is the man whose treacherous wiles
 Betray'd her youthful charms.

And when she lifts her gloomed eyes
 These bones astound her sight,
 His scull is now her drinking cup—
 He once was her delight.

The

The stranger to the Lady wish'd
 Forgiveness and relief,
 "Alas!" she said "my crime is such
 As is not wash'd by grief."

Forth from the cell he then retir'd,
 His tottering knees were bent,
 A chilly sweat hung o'er his brow,
 And to his couch he went.

There through the long and wint'ry night,
 His eyes he could not close,
 Her wailing form still haunted him,
 And drove him from repose.

And when the golden dawn burst forth
 He rose and sought his horse,
 And pray'd his host to pity her,
 And onward sped his course.

For

For many a year her tears she sheds
And heaves her stifled groans,
And sings the hymns of penitence,
And thus her guilt atones.

Her deep-drawn sighs, her touching looks
Have mov'd her pitying lord,
Ah! who could bear her patient grief
Should want its due reward!

Again she shares the joys of life,
And shares her husband's bed,
And blooming children rise around,
Their night of age to glad.

Beware ye youth on English land,
Beware ye wives so free—
Full many a scull we now behold
A drinking-cup should be.

TO CYNTHIA*.

HOW winning are those pearly drops
Which pity bids to flow!
Soft o'er thy blooming cheeks they glide
And wet thy breast of snow.

'Tis thus along the scented vale
The sparkling streamlet goes,
And moistens with its glittering waves
The lily and the rose.

And as when dews of eve descend
To cool the scorched bower,
Some joyful flutterer hovers round
And bathes him in the shower,

* This Ode is translated from the Antholog. Lond.
 1684. p. 148.

So young Desire amid thy tears

His filken pinions plies,

And shakes his torch with playful hand,

And brighter flames arise.

TO

TO CYNTHIA.

WHAT tho' I'm told that Flora's face
Is flush'd with fresher tints than thine,
 That Chloe moves with nobler grace,
That Laura's lightnings brighter shine ;

What tho' I'm told Zelinda's breast
Is whiter than the mountain-snows,
That Fulvia's lips in dimples drest
Are sweeter than the summer-rose ;

For ever hanging on thy smile,
To others' charms my soul is blind,
What perfect form can him beguile,
Who doats upon thy perfect mind ?

A a

TO

TO CYNTHIA.

AH fly not, fly not, nymph belov'd,
 And shun these gazing eyes!
 Ah can'st thou see, and see unmov'd,
 The starting tear arise?

Shall not the deep-drawn sighs avail
 With which this bosom swells?
Wilt thou not hear the faltering tale
That trembling passion tells?

Think not that av'rice moves my breast
 To woo thy golden stores,
 Think not thy rank in splendour drest
 Is what this heart adores.

I scorn

I scorn thy wealth, I scorn thy state,
 Nor prize the boasting vain,
 To snatch thee from the man I hate,
 A gayer richer swain;

These, these are joys of feeble power,
 Be Cynthia mine, I ask no more.



INVITATION TO —.

A FRAGMENT.

HASTE to thy friend, and from the moun-
tain-brow,
High-òver-arching Cromer's pebbled shore,
Trace Ocean's varying hues, and view the shades
That chace each other o'er his dark-green breast
In quick succession, floating with the clouds
Which cast the moving darkness; then descend,
And bask thee on the sands reflecting round
Their grateful warmth.—Or watch the ghastly
gloom

Of

Of gathering storms that heave athwart the sky
 Their widening night, while hollow-whistling
 winds

Now swell, now sink, and rolls the blacken'd sea
 His hoarser surge—or heed the rippling
 showers

Which rattle o'er the deep, while airy forms
Build on its waves the glittering bow of heaven;

And when behind yon wood-girt hills, the sun
 Has quench'd his fires, the sea-born flames
 shall flash,

Glide thro' the wave and sparkle on the strand.

If these delight not, catch the purple beams

Of sun-rise, tinging wide the mist of morn,

And melting it to air—then brush across

The flower speck'd mead, and mark its native
 blooms

And glowing tints fresh-painted with the dew

While

While from the grafs the full-ey'd ftately fleers
Slow-ftretching rife, and fcan with fixed look
Thy ftanger-form, and breathe their balmy
 fteam.

Or feek the briftly corn-field, jocund there,
The low-bent mowers ply the hissing fcythe
In cadence not unpleafing, with their task
The tale, the laugh is mix'd ; and bend thy fteps
To yon fleet brook, amid whose fhining waves
The countless shoals wheel fwift, upturning oft
Their polifh'd fides, and dart the flickering
 gleam

Of filver light—When evening gently dims
With foftest fhades the glary light of day,
When dark clouds, gold-tipt, crofs the crim-
 fon fky,

And rear in air an awful radiant throne
For fhapes unfeen, and thro' the reeking vale

The

The calm deep flood of yellow light is pour'd,
Then penfive wander to the twilight flill
Of Felbrig's oaks, for there thy mind fhall feed
On heaven-born thought——

ODE

ODE TO A FLY.

GAY child of summer, who on burnish'd
wings

Unceasing ply'st thy brisk and mazy flight,
Tasting with rapture all that Nature flings
Profusely round—still courting new delight,

Come, in thine airy dance, and freely sip
The clear juice sparkling to my thirsty lip,
And wheeling sportive o'er my tempting board,
Cull the red nectarine for thy luscious meal,
Or from the peach its pulp of fragrance steal,
And calmly rifle autumn's choicest hoard.

Then

Then buzzing haste thee to the sunny field,
Or drink the perfume that the moorlands yield,
Or swiftly to some flowery vale repair,
There jocund float adown the dimpling stream,
And meet thy breth'ren in the setting beam,
And bathe thy ebon fides in purple air.

While thoughtless sailing on the scented gale,
 Beware yon slimy threads, the woof of death,
The speckled spider will empierce thy mail,
And quench thy spirit with his tainted breath.

Oh may no tempest shade thy mirthful day,
 Nor glue those filmy wings with whelming rain !
Oh may no feather'd foe molest thy way
And fluttering bear thee to his infant train !

May no fierce inmate of the curled brook,
While o'er his head thou speed'st thy circling
flight,

Snatch thee unheeding to his watery nook,
And ruthless force thee from the cheerful light.

Long, long may summer lengthen out thy year,
And spare a life so bright with varied joy,
A little life which glides uncheck'd by fear,
Tho' chilling winter hovers to destroy.

How different man—he forms the lowering cloud
Of gloomy care, his happier hours to shroud,
Fixing on doubtful ill his restless eye.

How wiser far, like thee, with gladsome heart
To catch the transports Nature's gifts impart,
And frolick careless of futurity.—

ODE*.

FLUSH'D with blooming beauty's pride,
Fly not, fly not, lovely maid,
The waving filver of my head,
No more my gentle vows deride.

Mark how pleasing to the sight
The checker'd chaplet on my brow !
Mark how the blushing roses glow,
Twin'd with the lily's glistening white !

* Translated from Anacreon.

SONNET *.

THO' manly ardour in thy bosom glows
 While Freedom's banners wave on Gallia's plain,
 While Freedom's clarion sounds th' inspiring
 strain,
 And millions, starting from a base repose,
 Sweep from their sickening land the oppressive
 woes
 Of Slavery's gloomy desolating reign;
 And fiercely bursting from the despot's chain
 Dash from the haughty throne their tyrant foes;
 Amidst the tempest's howl and wild uproar
 Ere yet the shatter'd nation sinks to rest,
 Cast a fond look on Britain's peaceful shore—
 Nor chace her blessings from thy kindling breast
Here soft Affection spreads her grateful store,
 And Friendship calls thee where no storms molest.

* Address to Mr. — in France, during the Summer of 1790.

SONNET:

SONNET.

IN vain doth Grandeur trick'd in gorgeous pall,
 Stalk stately by, and point to glittering joys,
 In vain doth Mammon spread his gilded toys,
 To lure a careless wight to bitter thrall,
 In vain doth loudly-laughing Pleasure call
 To loose delights and days of mirthful noise,
 Hence, hated fiends—Me gentle Peace accoys:
Her cup is heavenly sweet, undash'd with gall,
Yblest in her with slow and secret tread
I wander loitering in the arched grove,
Fancy's gay dreamsaye dancing round my head,
There jolly elves at midnight nimbly move
Their dainty feet, and shades of mighty dead
Glide pale athwart my path. Such scenes the
Muses love.

SONNET.

SONNET.

AH, wretched wight ! whom Fame shall tempt
to leave

/// The soft and silent valley of Repose,

And with her deeply-stirring voice deceive

/// To deeds of thankless toil and weary woes ;

Ah, wretched wight ! who stays ne to perceive

The thorns that threat'ning gird the peerless rose,

But hopes unharm'd he may a wreath receive

Of deathless flowerets to bedeck his brows—

Look up !—afore the beamy towers of Fame

What fell and ghastly fiends for ever wait,

Envy, whose baleful vipers none can tame,

And Disappointment of flow fullen gait,

And with her eyes abash'd heart-damping Shame ;

Fly, fly to fair Repose, nor scorn so sweet a mate.

THE END.